

Engl. Throat. Vol. 64



THE
PARRICIDE:
OR,
INNOCENCE *in* DISTRESS.



[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

THE
PARRICIDE:
OR,
INNOCENCE *in* DISTRESS.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*.

By Mr. *S H I R L E Y.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. W A T T S at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M D C C X X X I X.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

THE
PARLIAMENT
OF GREAT BRITAIN





T O

J O H N R I C H, *Esq;*

S I R,



K N O W no Per-
son to whom, as a
Poet, I have so great
Obligations as to
You; and for that Reason I
gladly pay you this Compli-
ment, if it can be call'd a Com-
pliment, the Dedication of a
Rioted Play. But having re-

A 3

ceiv'd

DEDICATION.

ceiv'd your Approbation, will at least be an Excuse for my presenting you with it: And now it has the Privilege of pleading for Itself, I hope the Town will concur in Opinion with you, that, faulty as it is, it deserv'd a better Fate than it met with on the Theatre. Permit me here, Sir, to express my Wonder, that twenty or thirty Persons should enter into an Association against a Person, or his Productions, without having the least Knowledge of either, or being able to give any Reason for their Malice, but that it was a New Play, and
had

DEDICATION.

had been Licens'd. That my Enemies came resolv'd to execute, before Trial, may be gather'd from their Behaviour ere the Play began; for at Five o' Clock they engag'd, and overthrew the Candles in the Musick-Room, and call'd a Council of War to determine whether they should attack the Harpsicord or not: But to your good Fortune, Sir, it was carry'd in the Negative. Their expelling the Ladies the Pit, and sending for Wine to drink, were likewise strong Indications of their arbitrary and violent Dispositions. Laudable

DEDICATION

Undertakings indeed! to conspire, right or wrong, the Annoyance of a Person who had been only guilty of taking several Months pains to write a Play, and afterwards, with much Fatigue and Expence, had brought it on the Stage, with a view of giving them Pleasure. But this has always been the Gratitude of some foolishly vain Persons; and of late, indeed, it is grown much more in fashion than it ever was in former Days, tho' it was always too much so, or the Writings of *Dryden, Otway, South-erne, Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe,*

DEDICATION.

Rowe, and the best of *Cibber's*, would not have met with the strong Oppositions which it is well known they had the hard Fate to do. I flatter'd myself my *Prologue* would, at least, procure me a patient Hearing, and gentle Treatment: But Humility or Modesty has no Effect on dishonest Minds; and I am sure a public Wound on a Man's Character is as much Assassination as if it were given to his Body: And no Person, who has the least Tincture of Honour would be guilty of one any more than he would of the other. But this appears to be no
Prin-

DEDICATION.

Principle of our present Theatrical Rioters, who have quite expell'd the Hopes of seeing Genius encourag'd on the *British* Stage out of the Minds of moderate and well-inclin'd Persons.

I shall detain you no longer than to express my Gratitude to You, Sir, for your great Indulgence, and obliging Behaviour to me, ever since this Play was first submitted to your Judgment. Give me leave here also to acknowledge the good Inclinations of your Company to support the Piece, particularly Mrs. *Horton*, who voluntarily withstood
my

DEDICATION.

my Enemies to the last, and shew'd great Concern for the Injuries I receiv'd. Here, Sir, without the Ceremony of Apology, I conclude with wishing You all the Success your Merit should secure to you from the Town: The News of which will be ever grateful, in my future Solitude, to

S I R,

Your much obliged, and

most obedient Servant,

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.



P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. R Y A N.

WHAT pleasing Hopes the youthful Bard inflame,
Of mighty Honours and immortal Fame!
Wild as his Strains his Expectation strays,
Till Judgment here his Fantom merit lays:
Till, candid, you present the Critic's Glass,
And show the fancy'd Elephant!—an Ass!
Such often is the Fate of those who write,
As it may prove the Poet's of to-night:
But he, tho' young, is modest in his Cause,
And owns he hardly dares expect Applause:
From fabled Woes he makes his fond Pretence,
A shining Moral, drest in humble Sense.

His Muse to-night on Trial does appear,
Nor can he doubt impartial Judgment here:
If bad his Cause, he prays no clam'rous Roar;
Dismiss him gently,— he'll offend no more.
But should the Plant be found such Fruit to bear
As pays the Culture, and rewards our Care;
No Plea for kind Indulgence need be mov'd,
That were to doubt the Goodness oft we've prov'd!

201

P R O L O G U E.

*Your Favours will exalt his humble Strains,
And arm his Cæsars for our mimic Plains.*

*On British Worth we glory to depend,
That Worth so us'd our Labours to befriend!
Once more, with native Zeal, assert our Cause,
And give a rising Genius kind Applause.*



EPI.



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

HERE Custom with our Author can't prevail
To give his Moral Muse a Satyr Tail:
He says that such Performances, at best,
Are like our selling Virtue for a Jest!
He mounts the Stage in fair Religion's Cause,
And won't apostatise for false Applause.

The Heroine who here exhausts her Strength
To strain at Praise four hundred Lines in length,
And, with the force of Genius, well displays
Resplendent Virtue, dazzling with its Rays!
When once the Curtain's down, no Form regarding,
Comes out and tells you, — you're in Covent-Garden!
In Virgin-Robes you've seen a frail-one drest!
And that all Moral Virtue is a Jest!
Strait from your Minds evap'rate Zeal and Pity,
And Madam Porcia's clapt for being witty!

Should any Doctor who, in pious Strain,
Had foam'd to prove how foolish Vice! — How vain:
That stubborn Virtue only human Bliss is,
Conclude with, Sirs, — now get you to your Misses!
I say, if so a Sermon should be ended,
By what bold Judges could it be defended?

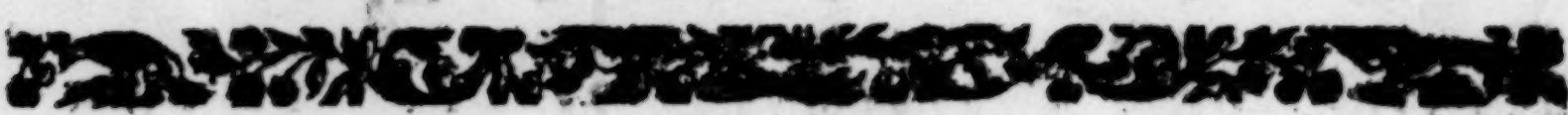
EPILOGUE.

*The Tragic-Scenes alike should sacred be,
From all lewd Mirth and luscious Gingle free:
With virtuous Precepts swelling, nervous Sense!
Each Line on chaste Applause should urge Pretence;
Nor Smut, nor Fustian frail Assistance lend,
But all alike the Lecture to the End:
Such as at Athens, in the noblest Age,
When Heroes on, were Heroes off the Stage.*

*Yes, proud to give the modest Ear Delight,
Yours, Ladies, is the Poet of to-night:
To your Protection for Support he flies,
And can he fail on Beauty who relies!
His Ariana claims your tender Care,
She who was drawn in honour of the Fair.*



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

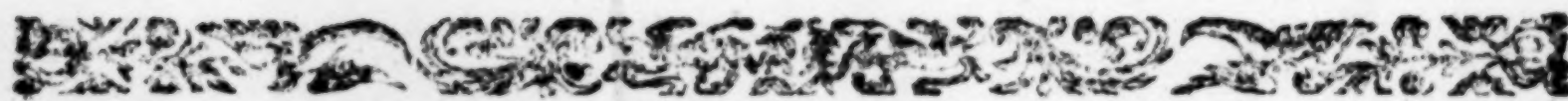
Felix, <i>an ancient British Nobleman.</i>	Mr. Rosco.
Albert, <i>a young Nobleman in love with Ariana.</i>	Mr. Hale.
Godrick, <i>his Friend.</i>	Mr. Delane.
Castor, <i>the Parricide.</i>	Mr. Ryan.
Servant to Felix.	Mr. Hill.

W O M E N.

Harroana, <i>Mother to Castor and Eliza.</i>	Mrs. James.
Ariana, <i>Daughter to Felix.</i>	Mrs. Horton.
Eliza, <i>Godrick's Wife.</i>	Mrs. Hallam.
Matilda, <i>Attendant on Ariana.</i>	Miss Horsington.
Men and Women Servants, &c.	

S C E N E *a Village in K E N T.*

The Time suppos'd, is the Reign of William the Conqueror.





THE
PARRICIDE:
OR,
INNOCENCE *in* DISTRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.
SCENE, *a Room in the Palace of Felix.*
ELIZA and ARIANA *splendidly attired.*

ELIZA.

WITH Rapture let me hail the happy Day,
And *Ariana*, fairest of her kind,
Who crown the Wishes of our noble House,
Enriching hence our long-illustrious Blood,
Thro' all the verdant Vales of fertile *Kent*,
Thro' all the Bounds of conquer'd *Britain*, none
Have boasted Worth beyond my Ancestors,
Save that great Line which *Ariana* closes ;
Whose brave Atchievements, all their blooming Honours
She gives us, with the Charms of half her Sex.

Aria. Alas, *Eliza*, what are all the Pomps
Of sculptur'd Marble, or recording Brass,
The glitt'ring Titles, or the blazon'd Shields,
Or, those false Soothings to the vain of Heart,
The noisy Pæans of the giddy Croud !
Unless the conscious Soul approves it self,

B

Nor

2 *The* PARRICIDE: Or,

Nor takes Distinction but from inward worth.

How vain are all hereditary Honours,
Those poor Possessions from another's Deeds,
Unless our own just Virtues firm our Title,
And give a Sanction to the fond Assumptions.

If what to me seems worthier much of Praise,
An humble Nature, and a generous Will
To exercise the Duties of a Woman:
The prompt Forgiveness for the Starts of Passion,
The lenient Arts to tune discordant Souls,
And soften all the manly Cares of Life:
If such a Disposition carries ought
Of Virtue with it, then may *Ariana*,
From gentle *Edmund* and his Friends, perhaps,
In time deserve Esteem.

Eliza. O generous Maid!
That canst o'erlook those great Advantages
On which our Sex still place their highest Boasts!
But self-enobled, thou mayst well despise
The gaudy Pageant of reflected Glories,
Illustrious from thy own!— Yes, *Ariana*,
To merit thine, my Brother will exert
The Brightest Passion of the Soul! and still
Enjoy such Virtue with becoming Pride.

But see thy noble Father bends his Steps
To greet you with his fond paternal Blessings,
And joyful lead you to the genial Bed:
From whence, his Hopes and my prophetick Soul
Foresee a Race ascend; whose branching Blood
Shall shoot abroad, and fill our Isle with Glory.

S C E N E II.

To them Felix.

Felix. Good-day, my Child; and fair *Eliza* hail:
Heav'n's Blessings on you both; and on us all.
Your Charms, my *Ariana*, all receive

Addi.

Addition from this Elegance of Dress!
 Methinks you're wond'rous fair! and seem at ease!
 Why will not Nature let me join my Joys;
 But I have none to lend.

[Sighing.]

Aria. What mean you, Sir?

Ah, whence this sudden Change from gay to grave?
 But yester-night you wore another look,
 And seem'd to feel for my approaching Nuptials,
 Almost a Bridegroom's Joy! admitting that
 The fond, romantic Poets give their Lovers.

Felix. Reflexion since, my Child, has damp't the Flame:
 I have survey'd, in thought, this World of Pleasure!
 And find how near Alliance Rapture bears
 To Anguish and Contrition. Earthly Joys
 When highest borne, like tuneful Notes,
 Are nearest Discord's Verge: So Heav'n ordains,
 To temper Pride, and hint to human Hearts
 Our Hopes should soar beyond Mortality.

Aria. This moral Lesson, Sir, you long have taught me:
 By yours, my Passions so are regulated
 As ne'er to vie with Reason for Enjoyment.
 Heav'n knows, with all this gaiety of look,
 My Heart's but meerly warm'd to chaste Approval:
 Young *Edmund* meets Esteem, not boiling Blood,
 With ardent Hopes to satiate boist'rous Passion.
 But should Heav'n think my Wishes stretch too far,
 And humble for that high Offence my Soul:
 I'd with becoming Duty learn to bear
 Its righteous Chastisements, whate'er the Woe.
 But Time has been when you have taught your Daughter
 To place just Confidence for modest Joys
 On gracious Providence. You, Sir, have prov'd
 What 'tis to live, to love, and unimbitter'd.

Felix. I have indeed: with Bounty, Heav'n has dealt
 To me calm Joys, and Pleasures unallay'd:
 Its Mercies I confess with grateful Soul.
 But look around, how few have far'd like me!
 See *Hymen* curs'd with Discord, Jealousy,

4 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

And ev'ry Bane to human Happiness.
I know thy Disposition well, my Child;
I know thee humble, grateful, gen'rous, just,
Endow'd with all a Husband's Hopes can reach!
But still— perhaps a Father's Fondness errs,
I own I tremble for this Change of State.
Who knows, my Darling, but I may behold thee
Abus'd, forsaken, all that wretched Women
May dread, and often feel from Tyrant Mates!
I know my kind, and know the force of Passions.

Eliza. Here let a Sister's Voice, Sir, interpose,
And blast these growing Fears for *Edmund's* Worth:
I know him of a grateful, gentle Soul,
Compassionate and kind! No boiling Wrath,
Or canker'd Malice e'er deform his Speech,
Disturb his Bosom, or contract his Brow!
No bright Endowment *Ariana* boasts
Will ever pine unhear'd by his Affection;
His fair Esteem shall nourish ev'ry Virtue,
And bring a Harvest worthy all your Hopes.

Felix. Forgive these Bodings of a Parent's Heart;
'Tis Nature's Fault that I am guilty thus:
Forgive, *Eliza*, thou, whose Soul has prov'd
All social Virtue, and all social Bliss!
Fame speaks thy Brother worthy our Esteem,
And more than now thy Sister-Voice asserts;
But Flesh, alas, is frail, and thence proceeds,
Perhaps, this partial Care:— and vain it is!
Our Lot, or good, or bad, 'tis Heav'n appoints,
And Heav'n's Decrees are righteous!— but the best
Will mourn for Misery, if not complain:
Such is the Imperfection of our Nature,
In all Conditions, ever prone to err.
Yes, fair *Eliza*, should thy Brother's Virtues
Shame all the past, and mount to such a height
As future Emulation ne'er will reach!
Yet this is no Security from Woe:
The Tenure's frail by which we hold our Bliss;

And

And equal to the Pangs of suff'ring Want
Are surely those that wait Enjoyment's Loss.

Aria. To all the wise Decrees of righteous Heav'n,
With humble Duty, I shall e'er submit,
Nor impiously repine.

Felix. Hah!— so resolv'd!
Howe'er severe! and could'st thou bear its Shocks?
Presumptuous Girl!— Suppose a Bolt descend,
And blast thy now expected Joys?— Suppose
You saw your Bridegroom breathless at your Feet,
And all your Views of Pleasure, Comfort, dead!
Say then how strong would Resignation stand
Against Grief's driving Torrent? Ah, unprov'd,
Thy speculative Virtue there would shrink.

Aria. Augment the Woes! compleat the dismal Scene!
And to a breathless Bridegroom, add the sight
Of all the Joys I ever yet have known,
A Sacrifice to Death in thee, my Father!
A Sigh might heave, a silent Tear descend,
I might lament, but never would accuse:
Ev'n then should Grief a Victim fall to Hope
For Restoration in another World.

Felix. My darling Child! Oh, let these Tears express,
And this Embrace, how much my Soul is joy'd
For this Display of Virtue!— Prove it now,
For 'till I'd try'd thy Strength I fear'd to tell,
Indeed a dismal Truth!— thy *Edmund's* dead!

Aria. Ah!

[Faints.

Eliza. O Heav'ns!

[Weeps.

Felix. Help me, *Eliza*, help, support my Child:
Grief's sudden Transport has o'ercome her quite,
And nipt her Beauties like a blasted Flower!
So— she revives! how fares it *Ariana*?

Aria. I'm wond'rous sick:— but is it Truth you've
utter'd?

Or was it, Sir, a fond Device to try
How far my boasted Fortitude was real?

Felix. Oh, that it was no more!— but rear thy Head,
B 3 Recover

6 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

Recover Breath, and thou shalt hear the Tale.

Here sit thee down : How art thou now, my Child ?

Aria. I'm something better : yet I'm wond'rous faint.

Felix. It was my Fault : for tho' I came prepar'd
With Art and Caution to unwind the Clue,

And steal a sad Discovery upon thee,

But where our Passions strongly operate,

Our Reason always fails !— Abrupt came out

The Secret, and Surprise alas o'ercame thee.

Aria. How happen'd, Sir, this sure untimely blast ?

Felix. Untimely blast indeed !— It happen'd thus.
About an Hour ago th' ill-fated Youth,

In all the Splendor of a Bridegroom drest,

Partook a chearful Meal : then, musing, walk'd

Within the Grove, whose Border *Medway* laves :

There *Castor*, wand'ring too by Chance, beheld him

In Contemplation lost : Poor, good young Man,

His Mind, perhaps, was running o'er the Scene

Of his expected Joys ! unheeded, when

The Ground, unfaithful to his Foot, o'erthrew him,

And plung'd him in the Waves ! his Brother thrice

Beheld him struggling rise, as to his Aid

With pious Haste he ran ; the bubbling Stream

Betray'd his last Descent, where *Castor* plung'd,

And dragg'd him from the Bottom : Vain the Toil,

Fraternal Friendship vain, for Life was fled.

Eliza. O, *Edmund*, my dear Brother, oh ! [*Weeps.*]

Felix. 'Tis well !—

Those Tears, my Daughter, are a Tribute due

To so much blasted Virtue ! Heav'n, that knows

The Weakness of our Natures, will forgive,

Nay must applaud Love's Debt, when decent paid :

Nor can the bravest Mortal blame the Tear

Which glitters on the Bier of fallen Worth.

Some Hours to soothing Sadness here are due,

O'er which paternal Love has sure no right,

And Friendship best can share.— *Eliza*, thou,

When Anguish for a Brother's Loss gives way,

Exert

INNOCENCE in DISTRESS. 7

Exert Affection here : And be you both
Each other's Comfort in your mutual Woe.

S C E N E III.

Eliza and Ariana.

Eliza. Alas, my Consolation will be faint,
Unable to support my own Affliction.
Poor Widow'd-Maid ! ——— What Comfort can I lend,
Who need myself its Aid from friendly Zeal !
But Side by Side we'll sit, and mix our Woes,
A Stream composing worthy *Edmund's* Fall ! ———
Sure Heav'n, in grudging, clipt his Thread of Life,
Foreseeing that had made our Bliss compleat !
O partial Distribution ! ———

Aria. *Eliza,* hold : ———
Forbear to tax th'eternal Hand of Truth,
Whose Deeds are all unsearchable to us !
Our finite Knowledge cannot comprehend
The Principles of an unbounded Sway :
Weak and disjointed are our judging Laws,
And therefore vain and impious. Gentle Shade,
Whose timeless Fate we mourn ; much happier thou,
Enlarg'd from Clay, perhaps dost now behold
The Springs, the Causes, and the just Effects
Of Nature, working by her gen'ral Rules !
If Spirits such as thee can look on Earth,
And see the Follies of what once you were !
Take these sad Sorrows, now bestow'd in vain,
And may our Loss be thy eternal Gain.

S C E N E IV. *The House of Harroana.*

Harroana sitting in Disorder, Castor standing by her.

Harro. Fly, Monster, from my Sight, nor tempt my
Rage,

8 *The* PARRICIDE: Or,

Left I from Justice snatch th'avenging Sword,
And pay thy bloody barb'rous Acts in kind.
My Eyes beheld the Parricide committed!
I from my Window saw the foul Assault
That prov'd thy Brother's Fate! — So Heav'n ordain'd
That I should be its Instrument of Vengeance!
And Racks, and Whips, and Tortures shalt thou prove,
To make thy Death as bitter to thy Soul
As this vile Deed has made a Mother's Life.

Castor. The Storm must have its way: — Anon, the
Wind

Will die into a Calm with gentle Showers. [*Aside.*

Ah! Madam, for your own dear Peace of Mind,
Restrain this Gust of Passion. — Hear me speak. —

Harro. Can all the Eloquence that ever crown'd
The happiest Speaker, and best-tutor'd Mind
Abate the Horror that thy Guilt excites?
Oh, when my *Edmund* fell, sure Providence
Its Charge neglected, for a Blast like that,
Of Virtue, Nature never felt before. [*Weeps.*

Castor. 'Twas Nature's Fault, to that you owe my Crime:
The Whirl of Passion, for a Moment, quell'd
Opposing Reason's Struggles! — Had I thought,
One Minute's Pause had sav'd my Soul this Guilt,
And all my Torment now from sad Remorse.
What will not disappointed Love attempt?
Declare all you who ever felt its Force!

'Twas *Ariana's* Charms that urg'd my Hand,
'Twas *Edmund's* flat Repulse to pleaded Passion
Which gave that Hand its Strength! — Oh, had I dy'd,
Pin'd, languish'd Ages in the worst Despair!
I'd do it now, could that recall his Breath.

I ask not yours, and scarcely can I hope
That Heav'n will pardon what myself condemn:
But Years of Penance may perhaps atone. —

Harro. Not Ages will. There shall the righteous Rod
Be sure to second that of Justice here.
For what unhappy Guilt of mine, ye Pow'rs,

Are

Are all these Loads of Sorrow heap'd upon me?
 Devoted to Obedience have I past
 Life's tedious Travel, innocent in Will.
 Oh! wherefore did I teem with such a Monster?
 Whose Spark of Life the fellest Fiend sure struck,
 And with the animating Flame infus'd
 Its own accursed Nature! — Rive me here
 Another everlasting weeping Stone,
 (As Poets feign the *Grecian* Matron turn'd!)
 Hence let my Tears an endless Stream supply,
 And spread my Sorrows wide as Nature's Bounds,
 For gen'ral Horror! — Universal Pity! —
 Mine are uncommon Woes! —

[Weeps.]

Castor. Hold yet, my Heart,
 And ere you burst, oh! let a Mother know
 How ample is thy Flame of filial Love!
 Of Social! — What an honest Anguish now
 Dissolves thee, for one Act of conscious Guilt!
 Tho' sad my Crime, a Parent's Tears shall fall
 In pity to my Fate! — And own, how far,
 To what a wond'rous Length, by sad Surprise,
 A Passion may betray the gentlest Nature.

Harro. My *Edmund* had a Soul replete with all
 The softest, kindest of his Sex could boast!
 With glad Obedience would he ready wait,
 And oft' forestall an anxious Parent's Will!
 No Wish of mine could hardly gain a Birth,
 Before his Duty made Fruition sure!
 His Piety abated all my Griefs,
 And all my Joys it doubled. — *Adeldred!*
 My widow'd Tears were wip'd away for thee!
 His filial Love made ev'n thy Loss be born.
 And where's my Comfort now?

[Weeps.]

Castor. Here turn your Eyes,
 And see a Son to Duty so devoted! —

Harro. No, thou wert always wicked and perverse,
 No kind of Good was ever found about thee.
 O! *Adeldred*, thy Soul prophetic prov'd,

When,

10 *The* PARRICIDE: Or,

When, with Paternal Anguish, you pronounc'd
Woes from his unauspicious Dawn of Life.
From Crime to Crime he has succeeded on,
To dire Fraternal Slaughter! — One black Guilt
Remains, thou fiend-like Wretch, for Execution,
To make thee challenge Hell's severest Flame;
And that's to murder me! — Come, draw thy Sword,
And leave no Crime unprov'd that can enhance
Thy Claim to sure Damnation! — *Nero* yet,
The *Roman* Monster, has in Guilt outstript thee,
He murder'd *Agrippina*! —

Castor. In pity cease,
Or I shall soon believe myself the Wretch
Your fierce Resentment paints me.

Harro. Urge I ought
That shames a Mother's Voice? — Truth cannot sure,
What kind of Guilt art thou a Stranger to?
Thy First was Disobedience! then Injustice:
Thy brutal Lust next led thee to abuse
An honest Neighbour's Bed: Thy Father's Grief,
For that foul Action, was I fear his Fate. —
O Heav'ns! Remembrance now distracts my Soul
With Terror for my Husband's sudden Death!
That Day, when honest Rage provok'd his Vows
To leave thee to the World as bare of Wealth
As is thy Soul of Virtue! then, that Night,
As by my Side he lay, he breath'd his last,
Unconscious I of Danger! nought appear'd,
No Sign of Treachery: But, oh! — alas!
Who knows what Spells, what Charms, what Drugs
might do,

With such an Instrument as thou to urge them!
I feel Conviction flashing on my Mind
That you destroy'd your Father. —

Castor. Sudden Death's not strange —
My Father fell — Life is a frail Possession!
Many more — all die not of a Fever. —

Harro. Thy fault'ring Tongue betrays thy guilty Soul!
By

By Heav'n, I've stumbled on too sad a Truth,
And caught thee unprepar'd for Art's Evasion!
'Tis well: — My Rage were vain, and Tears may fall
For lighter Woes, and Scenes of common Horror;
I am above them now: Collected thus,
I'll see the Sword of Justice take its course,
And then, perhaps, may find myself again
Resolve into a weeping Wife and Mother.
Thence, what few Days my weight of Woes afford
I'll spend, with Heav'n's Permission, to atone
For giving birth to so accurs'd a Monster.

Castor. 'Tis true indeed; she took me unawares!

And Guilt's so sudden Flash o'erset my Reason:

But I must strive to bend her Heart by Pity,

For Vows of Innocence I fear are vain.

[*Aside.*

I need not ask what now you meditate,

[*To her.*

It is a Mother's Vengeance on her Son!

Those tender Names should have a softer Link

Than that of Death or Ruin. — 'Tis in vain,

I know, to plead my Innocence from Guilt,

Whose very mention quite depriv'd my Soul

Of all its Faculties, and left me mute

In my Defence! So dreadful is the Thought

Of such a Crime to Nature. — Oh! if one

Black Deed has stain'd my Life, am I so lost

To all a Mother's Hopes, that she can think

No Crime too odious to infect my Heart!

Consider, Madam, what you have resolv'd:

My Life is in your Hands for *Edmund's* Death:

But future Duty will, I hope, dissolve

This Grief for him, and settled Hate to me!

And Comfort then —

Harro. From thee! — O! name it not,

For thou wert born to give me endless Woe:

But shall —

Castor. Yet hear —

Harro. I am not to be mov'd.

Castor. Behold with me a noble Line extinct!

And

12 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

And shall a Race of Heroes, that so long
Have serv'd their Country with Renown, in me
At last, with so much Infamy expire?
Oh! think you see their Shades all suppliant stand,
And beg their Glories in their Blood may stream,
The Pride and Praise of long succeeding Times.

Harro. Thro' thee? thro' thee must all those Honours
flow?

Thou Complication of all Villanies!
Thou base Deserter of that noble Track
Your great, and long-renown'd Fore-fathers trod!
Can'st thou ingender ought but Infamy?
Or propagate a Race beyond thyself?
Unless in Guilt! — If Guilt can higher soar.
No; rather let me think that I behold
That venerable Tribe requesting now
I'd nip Dishonour in the first base Shoot
From their illustrious Stem! — And die thou shalt.

S C E N E V.

Castor solus.

So resolute! — Will nothing move thee then!
And must I fall the Victim of your Fury? —
What she accus'd me of indeed was true:
My Father threaten'd, for a youthful Folly,
To rob me of my Right: 'Twas Self-defence
That drove me to a Sage, whose Art supply'd
A deadly Drop, which with his Drink I mingled,
And well it wrought a Cure of all my Fears:
By soft degrees it foil'd the Strength of Nature,
And work'd too quiet to provoke Distrust.
Then shall that Heart, or this performing Hand,
Which dealt a Father's and a Brother's Fate,
Now fail me, when my Safety is at stake? —
No Call, no Tye my Progress must oppose,
I know no Kindred where it marks me Foes.

A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Godrick's House.*

G O D R I C K and E L I Z A.

G O D R I C K.

YES, my *Eliza*, I confess 'tis just,
This Grief is just for such a Brother's Loss,
Nipt in the Bloom of Life by sad Mischance.

Eliza. Had Death attack'd him in his common Forms;
Had ling'ring Sicknefs warn'd us of his End,
And led us on from Fear to sad Despair,
What I expected I had better borne:
I should have join'd in all the solemn Rites,
And mournful Offices of parting Friends:
I should have watch'd him on his dying Couch,
And help'd to close his Eyes. [Weeps.]

Godr. Indeed 'twas sad:
Deck'd for his Spousals; all his Friends prepar'd
With Gaiety and Love to hail his Joys!
Just then to find their Expectations dash'd,
And see him dress'd a Sacrifice to Death,
To an untimely Death! — 'Twas wond'rous hard.

S C E N E II.

To them Castor.

Castor. Nay, weep, weep on, nor stop the mournful
Streams,
I come to aid your trickling Tides of Woe:
Heav'n has revers'd its wrathful Phial o'er us,

And

14 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

And Mischief crouds on Mischief! *Edmund's* Loss
Is follow'd by a greater! — Oh! *Eliza*,
Our Mother, *Harroana*, — is no more. [Weeps.

Eliza. Oh! *Godrick*! — [Falls in his Arms.

Godr. Forbid it, Heav'n! — but say —

Caster. My beating Heart will scarce permit my Tongue
To give the sad Relation of her Death:

But thus it was. — Attending sadly home
Our breathless Brother, borne by weeping Servants,
She met us at the Door: Attentive long,
Without a Tear, she gaz'd upon the Corps,
And seem'd almost as void of Life as Sense!

Then fierce at length, Grief's Flood-gates giving way,
A Gust of Passion master'd all her Soul!

Her Eyes shot Fire; and her Voice, enlarg'd,
Like Thunder roar'd with dreadful Exclamations!

She rav'd at Heav'n, at Providence, at me,
At all the World! — as phrenzy'd People rave,

Thence to her own Apartment, wild, she fled,
Where soon the Storm gave way to melting Grief:

A mournful Scene succeeded: Heav'n can tell
How much my own sad Part dissolv'd my Soul,

And sunk me to the Softness of a Woman:

When, hoping to repair her broken Mind,

No lenient Art I left untry'd, to sink

The Swellings of Despair, or boiling Rage:

Nor seem'd my Labour vain; for o'er its Seat

Long hov'ring Reason hung, and well I hop'd

Would, settling, work her Cure. — (Forgive these Tears!

They fall for what I tremble to relate.)

Rage, on a sudden, then return'd so strong

As Words would fail to paint! It was too much

For Sound to utter, or the Soul support!

Groans only found their way, while, unperceiv'd

By me, she snatch'd a Poniard which by chance

Lay near, and plung'd it in her Bosom! — Lo,

With bubbling Streams, her Soul soon issu'd out,

And left her lifeless Body in my Arms.

Godr.

Godr. O miserable fall!

Eliza. O wretched Mother!

Castor. This Office to a Brother's Care was due;
Comfort, *Eliza*, is not mine to lend:
Let one, on whom the Ties are stronger far,
If Nature will permit, afford you that.
To Solitude, which which the sad of Heart,
Some Hours at least I go; 'till Reason brings
Her kind Assistance to assuage my Grief,
As yet no welcome Guest.

S C E N E III.

Godrick and Eliza.

Eliza. Nor, oh! to me:
Not Time nor Thought can e'er abate my Sorrows;
A willing Votary to Anguish now:
A Mother's Care, a Brother's Love to lose
In one unhappy Day! — O heavy Lot.

Godr. In me you have them all: The Husband hence
Shall stretch Affection to its utmost Bound,
And make those Losses light: — Thus in my Arms,
And ever in my Heart shalt thou remain
My only Blessing, only earthly Joy;
And vast the Treasure is! — Come, let me kiss
These trickling Tears away, that so consume
Thy Mind's dear Peace, as falling Drops do Marble.

Eliza. My Life, my Lord, my only Comfort now;
Source of my Joys, and Easer of my Woes;
On whom my All of Expectation rests:
Beyond my Merit thou wert always kind,
And ever will be found my bright Example
In just Promotion of connubial Bliss!
If 'tis Invasion on a Husband's Right,
O Pardon me this Debt of Duty, paid
A Mother, and a Brother now no more:
Snatch'd from my fond Enjoyment thus by Fate!

The

16 *The* PARRICIDE: Or,

The Circumstances of their Deaths so horrid!— [*Weeps.*]

Godr. My dear *Eliza*, I applaud thy Grief:
And, Heav'n can tell, I take a tender Part
In all that Piety or Nature claims.
But guard for me against a sad Excess:
Thou art my Hoard of Comforts; all my Hopes
Are lodg'd in thee, for Peace or Pleasure here:
Then do not kill thy Quiet. —

Eliza. For thy sake
I'll struggle with the Softness of my Soul,
And conquer in thy Cause: My *Godrick*, yes,
Thou shalt engross the Care of thy *Eliza*,
For thou art all to me! — the World is nothing.
But I'll retire: — For lo, where *Albert* comes,
To give the kind Condolence of a Friend:
Do thou sustain the melancholy Office,
While I avoid Grief's dismal Renovation.

Godr. My Love, I'll not be long detain'd away;
Oh, think on me; endeavour to be kind.

S C E N E IV.

Godrick and Albert.

Godr. Come, *Albert*, I have need of Friendship now;
In mine and soft *Eliza*'s Anguish share,
And prove thyself her Partner in my Heart:
A Right, to which with kind Delight she yields,
And makes thee doubly dear in my Esteem.

Albert. Tho' *Edmund*'s Life had ever made me wretched,
By blasting all my Hopes in *Ariana*;
Believe me honest, *Godrick*, when I say,
Sincerely that I mourn his timeless Fate:
A Youth, by Nature's Hand so form'd to please,
And blest with ev'ry Ornament of Mind,
Might well out-bid my best Pretence to Love.
This Praise a Rival yields thee, gentle Shade,
Whose Friendship once I held my proudest Boast,

Till

Till Beauty interpos'd and tore the Band! —
 But, oh! my Friend, for *Harroana's* Fate
 The Sluices of my Heart should feed my Eyes!
 I could lament her Death in Tears of Blood.

Godr. Thy honest Grief declares a noble Soul,
 And I am proud to read thy perfect Heart,
 Then wonder, and applaud such manly Virtues!
 Oh, let me take thee more into my Breast [Embracing.
 A fonder Friend to Faith, to Truth and Glory!
 Oh, how I love thee, *Albert*, for this Praise,
 And gen'rous Pity o'er a Rival's Corps,
 Whose Fall alone could light thy Dawn of Bliss.

Albert. If ruin'd, *Godrick*, 'twas superior Worth,
 Had been my Fate, — the only Guilt in *Edmund*. —
 Discerning *Felix*, read in Human Kind,
 Had found his Heart possess'd of ev'ry Good,
 To answer all his Hopes for *Ariana*.
 'Tis true, the partial Maid had heard my Vows,
 And sigh'd with Ardour to my pleaded Passion:
 In her I had been blest, if more Desert
 In *Edmund*, and a Family Disgust
 (Of long Subsistence from the Broils of State,)
 Had spar'd to sway a Father's potent Voice.
 But had she blest his Bed, I swear, my Friend,
 Tho' pining Anguish would have been my Lot,
 And sunk me blooming to the silent Grave,
 No Murmur should have past my suff'ring Lips:
 They should have breath'd eternal Pray'rs to Heav'n,
 To bless those Loves that dealt to me my Fate.

Godr. Tho', *Albert*, next my dear *Eliza*, thou,
 Of ev'ry earthly Joy, I prize the most!
 With all this mighty Love, I could not wish
 To see thee blest, at such a sad Expence
 As that of *Edmund's* Fall! But since the Hand
 Of righteous Providence revers'd his Urn,
 And finish'd with his Life thy sad Despair,
 Let us salute the rising Prospect now! —
 Than thou, none worthier *Ariana's* Love,

And may the crown thy Hopes.

Albert. So Heav'n ordain,
And Life will be too short to bless its Bounty.

Godr. Since Hatred to thy Father makes thy Sight
Ungrateful to the Eyes of hoary *Felix*;
'Till Justice to thy Virtues bends his Heart
To gentle Liking, as it surely must,
Myself will plead thy Cause to *Ariana*:
And, if my Int'rest can so far prevail,
I'll urge her to a hearing of your Vows:
And may they prove successful.

Albert. Ever kind!
How, — how shall I repay this gen'rous Care!
Already bankrupt to thy friendly Love.
Oh, *Godrick*! Words will faintly represent
To what Extravagance I fondly doat!
Exert for me thy most engaging Arts,
You cannot wrong my Passion by Excess.
Tell her my Fate depends upon her Breath,
Life waits Approval, a Repulse is Death.

SCENE V. *The Palace of Felix.*

Felix and Castor

Castor. I hop'd this Day with Gratulations, Sir,
To hail you, not Condolence. — A mutual Loss
We weep in *Edmund*, but my mournful Cup
Is doubly bitter'd by a Mother's Fate.

Felix. Most sad indeed. To thine, my Loss is light,
Tho' I am robb'd of much fore-fancy'd Bliss.
Through what variety of pleasing Views,
Had that projected Match conducted Thought!
'Tis true indeed, — As Mortals e'er will prove, —
Our hopeful Plans are all but waking Dreams!
I stand corrected for too daring Schemes
For Satisfaction to my waning Life:
The Father's Fondness, and the Pride of Blood

Have

Have led me to usurp my Maker's Rights,
 And snatch at Joys 'tis only his to give :
 But Heav'n asserts its Sway ! and those fond Steps
 On which ambitious Hope presum'd to mount,
 Have tumbled me and all my Toils to Earth,
 To fear, and grovel in my native Dust.

Castor. Descant in softer Terms on real Worth ;
 Your're too severe a Cenfor on yourself. —
 Heav'n sure confers its Blessings for our Joy,
 And must, of course, approve our Wish to keep them.
 The Honours of a Name 'tis just to guard :
 They are a Trust but lent us, which we take,
 And should, in Rev'ence to the Donor's Fame,
 With Care transmit them down to other Hands.
 The Parent's partial Fondness for a Child,
 An only Child, can surely be no Crime !
 'Twere breaking all the tender Strings of Nature
 Which tune our Souls to Harmony and Love !
 'Twere bidding us to act against ourselves,
 To disregard our Childrens Safety here !
 No : Care's a Father's Right ; — a pleasing Right,
 In which he labours with a home-felt Joy ! —
 Oh, think not Heav'n condemns a Duty paid,
 But still exert your love.

Felix. Too prone we are
 To stifle Reason at a Passion's Call,
 And lend a willing Ear to Words that sooth
 Our darling Errors : Oh, frail Nature, thou !
 To point us out the Goal of Truth, of Bliss !
 Yet turn us from its course for ev'ry Bait
 Of tinsel Happiness, of gaudy Hope !
 Where's now my Stoic Principle of Peace ?
 Where's now my Christian Fortitude of Mind ?
 Where's now my Resignation to Heav'n's Will ?
 Oh, all you Heroes, whose proud Blood I feel !
 Oh, *Edmund*, on whose Worth I built my Hopes !
 Oh, *Ariana*, Object of my Care !
 Yes, yes, you have me all : I am a Man ;

A vain, frail, tender, foolish, wretched Man.

Castor. Had Heav'n been pleas'd to spare my Brother's
Life,

Your Love, your Honour had been safe in him ;
And I had been a sad, but silent Mourner
At his deserv'd Success. But still, howe'er
Below his proud Deserts my humble Merit stands !
My Love for *Ariana* soars as high
As ever *Edmund's* could. Those potent Charms,
And all those Virtues that a World admires !
I do not want the Worth to wish my own.
Perhaps this Courtship on a Brother's Grave,
And to his Mistress, Sir, may look unseemly ! ———
But what, alas, is empty Mode and Form ? ———
He's now at Peace, and safe from farther Claim :
And sure it cannot be a Guilt in me,
Tho' Tears are trickling o'er a Mother's Coarse,
Whose recent Wound yet stains the pliant Clay,
To point one Look, whence only I can hope
To beam with Comfort this imbitter'd Life !
Who blames the Merchant that secures his Wealth,
While Nature's Ties exact his kind Concern ? ———
Here, Sir, you see the last surviving Shoot
From that fam'd Trunk, on which you chose to hang
The relique Honours of your noble House :
Nor shall for me the Father's Fondness suffer ;
I love your *Ariana*, doat to Death :
My Joys on Earth, if not my Peace hereafter,
Depend upon her Smiles : Without her Love,
Life will be worse than Death ! and Earth an Hell.

Felix. 'Twere, *Castor*, too severe, to blame in you
A human Frailty, while I mourn my own :
To plead your Passion take a Father's leave,
And rest assur'd my Voice shall second thine
In all your fond Requests. To *Edmund's* Love,
Sure none more worthy to succeed than you :
And better Fate attend you.

Castor. Heav'n repay

This

This gen'rous Kindness, Sir, with Years of Joy :
 And hence be sure, in *Castor's* faithful Heart,
 That next my Care for *Ariana's* Bliss,
 Shall ever rise my Gratitude to you.
 I go, my Lord, to ponder on this Theme,
 And study to deserve your Daughter's Love !
 If Opportunity should time the Task
 Vouchsafe, a Father's Int'rest in my Favour :
 Let *Ariana* know how just my Suit,
 How strong my Wishes, and how fierce my Flame !
 So shall the gentle Maid, if e'er she deigns
 To crown my Ardours and compleat my Hopes,
 Bless that good Providence which turn'd your Thoughts
 To favour One, whose only good is hers :
 Who lives but to promote her Weal on Earth,
 To court her Smiles, and blessing to be blest.

S C E N E VI.

Felix Solus.

How sudden do our Prospects vary here !
 And how uncertain ev'ry Good we boast ! —
 Hope oft deceives us ; and our very Joys
 Shrink with Fruition ; — pall, and rust away.
 How wise are we in Thought ! — how weak in Practice !
 Our very Virtue, like our Will, is — nothing.
 Frail Nature, take thy course ! 'tis almost vain
 To struggle and oppose thee : — What is Life ?
 What all its Comforts, but delusive Dreams,
 That play on Fancy with a Meteor Flame
 Of empty, airy Good ! — I could almost
 Resolve to lose myself in stupid Ease,
 And dull Insensibility to Thought :
 Give up this Reason, ev'ry wretched Good,
 And to its Merits treat a loathsom Being ! —
 Hah ! — whence this impious Turn ? — rouze, Virtue, up ;
 And

Your *Edmund* has a Brother yet survives,
 Who with his Honours too may heir his Virtues;
 To him my *Ariana*, ———

Ariana. Hah! ——— Pardon, Sir,
 However worthy of his Birth and Fortune,
 If *Castor* is a Man I cannot love.
 Perhaps it is my Nature's Fault; but still
 Whene'er his Image rises in my Mind,
 I feel a shudd'ring Horror seize my Soul!
 And still his Sight produces gloomy Thoughts.

Felix. 'Tis sickly Fancy all: A Female Weakness! —
 Perhaps the Bodings of a Virgin Heart. ———
 Sometimes a Passion seems to operate
 Almost in Contradiction to itself;
 As oft it brings its Opposite in play
 To strive, and bear full hard upon its Rule.
 Fear runs abreast with Hope! and love, we know,
 Is ever follow'd close by Jealousy;
 And only changes to the fellest Hate!
 A trembling Apprehension always waits
 Our highest Joys! Observe the raptur'd Bride,
 And you will find she glows, she scarce knows why!
 Interpret then these Motions kindly, Child,
 They may but prove the Preludes to thy Bliss.

Ariana. All those Affections, Sir, are pleasing Pains;
 A kind of murmur'ring Joys, that gently trill
 Along the Veins, and beat upon the Heart!
 But what I feel, is of a Nature wide
 From Friendly-boding, 'tis a fixt Disgust,
 A fell Antipathy, that seems to rise
 From dread, discordant Souls.

Felix. Time may alter
 The Streams of Passion, as it often does;
 And Disposition makes a strong Advance,
 My *Ariana*, in all worldly Bliss.
 And let me hope no Passion will prevail
 On thee to taint, by an unworthy Match,
 The greatness of our Blood. A Briton born,

My *Ariana*, is a glorious Name!
 My Country's Honour glows in ev'ry Vein,
 And Fame and Greatness point my present Choice:
 An Ancestry of Heroes *Castor* boasts,
 Fair Freedom's Champions, and the Friends of Truth!
 Unlike the fordid Tribe, whose slavish Necks
 Are basely bow'd to Tyranny and Shame.
 Oh, tender Object of this soft Concern,
 I have no other Business now with Life
 Than to resign thee to a juster Care:
 When that is done, I'll fold my Glories up,
 And sink with pleasure to the silent Grave. —
 Then think, my Child, a Parent's Peace depends
 On thy Resolves: Reflect what Care you owe
 The watchful Guardian of your tender Youth,
 And pay that Kindness in Obedience now.

S C E N E V I I I.

Ariana Sola.

Hah, — wed with *Castor*! — No; — I never can;
 The only hateful Object to my Eyes. —
 If *Hymen* must be courted, — *Albert*, thou,
 Of all thy Sex canst only make me happy;
 Whose faithful Flame has borne thro' all the Damps
 Of Vows neglected, of a Parent's Rage,
 And haughty Insults to thy pleaded Love.
 Now Gratitude confirms my former Choice,
 For suff'ring Constancy! Yes, gentle Youth,
 I would repay thy Passion, — as I ought.

Hear, sacred Pow'rs who Truth and Honour aid,
 This fond Petition of a sighing Maid;
 In ev'ry Virtue make my *Albert* grow,
 And give my Father all his Worth to know;
 To soften fierce Resentments now profess,
 And make his Child in all her Wishes blest.

End of the Second Act.

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Continues.*A R I A N A *Sola.*

S Till is this *Castor* odious to my Thought :
 Fain would I chase his Image from my Mind,
 But Fear, the Traitor Fear preserves him there,
 There, where my *Albert* ever bore the Sway.
Edmund, indeed, had Virtues that might warm
 The coldest Virgin's Breast to soft Desires :
 My Father bad me like him ; and I strove,
 Nor strove in vain to gratify his Will ;
 While injur'd *Albert* pin'd.—Who knows but Heav'n,
 In Justice to his suff'ring Truth, oppos'd
 My late determin'd Marriage to his wrong !
 And for my Guilt unhappy *Edmund* fell ;
 To dash my tinsel Scene of gaudy Hopes,
 From blind Obedience to a Parent's Will.
 Oh, teach me, sacred Powers, to reconcile
 These diff'ring Duties that distract my Mind :
 Let me be grateful to a Lover's Worth,
 And not disturb a hoary Father's Peace.
 Hah!— Poison to my Eyes!— Is *Castor* here ?

S C E N E II.

Castor and Ariana.

Castor. Forgive, fair *Ariana*, if I press
 Untimely on your lonely Meditations :
 Your Thoughts perhaps were bent on Objects, far

More

More pleasing than the Sight of *Castor* proves :
 Tho' none more worthy sure to claim a part
 In all your dear Ideas than my self ;
 If faithful Love deserves a kind regard.

Aria. 'Twere vain in me to urge your want of Worth ;
 You may have more than half your Sex beside,
 And half my own be conscious of its Claim :
 But my dull Eyes, indifferent to all,
 Robb'd of their only pleasing Object, now
 Have nought to do but weep.

Castor. Shall trickling Tears
 Then dim the Lustre of those radiant Orbs,
 And rob the World of half the Charms it boasts ?
 Devoted to Despair, must *Ariana*
 Pine on in hapless Plight, and endless Woe ?
 If all this Sorrow is a Tribute due
 To disappointed Love ! my Brother's Fate
 No longer shall excite the friendly Tear :
 The proudest of his Kind shall envy hence,
 The Fall that so is wept by such bright Eyes !
 But thus it shall not be ; I'll interpose [*Advancing to her.*
 And break this settling Cloud of sullen Grief :
 I'll chase away pale Anguish from thy Brow,
 And reinstate the Loves and Graces there ;
 I'll melt thee into Rapture, rouse Desire—
 My faithful Vows—

Aria. No, *Castor*, hold them in :
 I'll not receive what I shall ne'er repay.
 Far worthier Maids than I may meet your Flame
 With equal Ardour, and with equal Truth :
 But, disappointed once of tender Hopes,
 I now can trust no more.

Castor. Why so severe
 To love, and to your self, my *Ariana* ?
 Were all the Virtues that could warm your Heart
 On one, one only Man conferr'd by Heav'n ?
 Cast in the self same Mould of Nature, I
 May boast as bright a Stamp of Mind as *Edmund*.

Aria.

Aria. And brighter far ; but Love has partial Sight,
And often overlooks the fairest Claim ;
While underneath Deformity it finds
The strong magnetic Charm, and rivits there.
'Tis something in the Mind that Links our Hearts,
A Sympathy of Souls.

Castor. Examine mine,
You'll find it full of Faith, of Love and you !
No holy Hermit, in extatic Raptures,
E'er glow'd with half that Ardour at a Shrine,
As does my Heart for you ! Why will you then,
Less kind than Heav'n, reject my hallow'd Zeal ?

Aria. To what excess does Phrenzy lead thy Mind !
Forbear Comparisons so wild, prophane,
And full of Guilt and Folly : 'Tis in vain,
This fruitless, fond Pretence ; these idle Vows.

Castor. O cruel *Ariana* ! are my Vows
My faithful Vows thus treated with Contempt ?
Why will you kill me with indignant Looks ?
Oh, Frowns more cutting than the sharpest Steel !
Here, scornful Maid, here take, O take my Sword,
And end the Life your Hatred makes a Curse.

Aria. Go, *Castor*, range thro' all the wanton World ;
There are a thousand Beauties to ensnare,
Who will with equal Warmth receive your Flame,
Then take Neglect as kindly as your Love.
There are of Women, or Report is false,
Who like your Sex, prove Passion in extreme ;
Whose raging Raptures do, like flaming Spirits,
Exhaust themselves, and burn away to nothing.
There hunt for what will please : My dull Desires
Ne'er soar'd beyond a gentle Glow at most ;
And now they're quite extinguish'd ; Leave me then,
And beat about for more inviting Game ;
A Conquest here but ill would pay your Toil.

Castor. Oh, thou art all the earthly Good I seek :
Thou art the only Prize the World can give
To merit my Affection : Winter Suns,

And

And Summer Breezes, all the Sweets of Spring
 And Flavours of the Autumn hang about Thee!
 Oh, everlasting Fund of dear Delights,
 Thus will I seize the Treasure to my Soul,
 And riot in Eternity of Bliss!—

Aria. Must I be tortur'd with these impious Sounds?
 Will no Denial, no Repulse prevail?
 Give o'er these mimic Raptures, Sir, and leave me:
 Abrupt Resentment I would fain avoid;
 Then go— or Rage—

Castor. I cannot leave thee thus:
 Oh, why will you suspect my faithful Vows?
 Why will you drive me from you, cruel Maid?
 Why will you look me dead?

Aria. Be gon then, go;—
 Nor more insult me with your odious Flame:
 Thy Importunities still sharpen Hate;
 And force my Tongue,— unwilling to offend,
 To tell thee thou art hateful to my Sight:
 That Toads and Vipers less offend my Eyes;
 That Hoots of Owls, and Shrieks of hideous Bats
 Are Music in my Ears, to Sounds like thine.

Castor. Does faithful Love deserve Returns like these?
 Ungrateful *Ariana*, to reproach
 And scorn the Heart your Beauty has enslav'd:
 Nor is my Passion all my fond Pretence
 To liking from thee, for, indignant Fair,
 Know that your Father has approv'd my Flame:
 Yes, venerable *Felix* bids me hope,
 And on that Hope I'll build.

Aria. My Father may,
 At Will, dispose of Power, Wealth and Honours,
 Which should by right devolve from him to me;
 But can a Parent give a Child's Affections?
 Can he at Choice bequeath a Daughter's Love?
 No, foul Pretender, that is mine to yield;
 And is a Jewel of too high a Price,
 For ought but Worth to wear. :

Castor.

Castor. With modest Pride,
Then let me here assert an humble Right—

Aria. To Scorn, Contempt, Derision and Reproach :—
But whither runs Resentment? let not Rage,
Provok'd by base Hypocrisy and Guilt,
Destroy the Softness of a Virgin's Mind!
Then leave me, Hypocrite.

Castor. So haughty still?
Go on; you seem to mend in Malice much.

Aria. I am no Stranger, if my Father is,
To all the foul Reports of *Castor's* Fame.

Castor. Hah! talks the World?— then rot the Tongue
that utters,

Or Eye that sees what I would have conceal'd:

I must have fair Report; I've much to do:

And Mischief aid me if my Cunning fails.

[*Aside.*

Whatever Lyes or legendary Tales

May taint my spotless Deeds; the Guilt, the Shame

Will back revert on the Inventor's Head:

Truth will, like Oil with baser Liquors mixt,

Still mount the Topmost, to a fair Display!

And baffle Malice, Prejudice and Guilt.

A little Time, mistaken Maid, may shew

How much your frail Opinion is misled:

'Till when my suff'ring Love will patient bear,

In expectation of a just Reward.

Adieu, hard-judging Fair, and, oh, believe

I'd hate you from Resentment,— if I could.

S C E N E III.

Ariana Sola.

That's what I wish from all, thou Wretch, like thee.
Deceitful Villain; how he bears it off!

Knows not the World he wrong'd a Neighbours Bed?

Knows not the World he stain'd a Virgin's Fame?

And

30 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

And yet to whine out Vows and talk of Truth!
I hate him doubly for the base Pretence.

S C E N E IV.

Ariana and Godrick.

Aria. Oh, *Godrick*, welcome, welcome to my Aid,
Thou Friend to *Albert*, and thou Friend to me:
By two distracting Passions wildly torn,
I die with Rage and Pity.—

Godr. Pity sure,
Best suits the Genius of your gentle Kind,
Attendant always on the God of Love:
Pity's a Flame that fits with easy Grace
On Virgin Softness, and the dimpled Cheek:
Oh, let me lend it Force.

S C E N E V.

Godrick, Ariana, and Castor apart.

Castor. I cannot rest: I must be satisfy'd
From whence these foul Reports;—Oh, conscious Guilt—
Hah! *Godrick* here! Let me observe awhile. [*Aside.*

Aria. Thy Worth and valu'd Friendship long I've
known.

Godr. Friendship, I fear, will fail to represent
The sad Effects of yet unhappy Love:
O, *Ariana*, *Albert* pines to Death,
The blooming Victim of your potent Charms:
Involv'd in sad Despair, he languish'd long,
Intent on nothing but the Grave and you:
The Grave, his hop'd Retreat from quenchless Flames;
And you the Object of his fruitless Wish.
Now thro' the dreary Gloom Hope darts a Ray,

Ah,

Ah, bless him with a stronger Beam of Grace;
 Let *Edmund's* evil Stars (whose Fate he weeps)
 Propitious shine to him. You listen'd once
 To all the tender Pleadings of his Passion;
 No longer then with-hold the Debt that's due
 To so much suff'ring Truth, so fixt a Love.

Castor. Ah, curse your Eloquence! — yet let me hear.

[*Aside.*

Aria. O, *Godrick*, long my conscious Heart has own'd
 The Worth of *Albert*: long approv'd the Flame
 I dar'd not to repay in gentle kind:
 And let these Tears, these speaking Tears display
 My secret Wifh and sad Distress of Soul.
 But what can Love effect? To give my Hand,
 Would send my Father fighting to the Grave
 With Curses on my Head: Lewd *Castor* now,
 Audacious, dares to importune my Heart:
 My Father favours his abhorr'd Request,
 And wou'd persuade me to receive his Vows:
 But were the sad Alternative a Rack,
 To his detested Bed; I'd joyful hail
 An ignominious Death to shun his Arms.

Godr. O gen'rous Maid! and worthy well the Love,
 The faithful Love that flames in *Albert's* Heart;
 Whatever Dangers threaten, still proceed
 In that bright Course which Virtue marks you out:
 Applauding Heav'n shall interpose to guard,
 And hov'ring Angels make your Conquest sure.
 In future Days, when love-sick Maids shall hear
 The Story of your hard Mishap; Your Truth,
 And constant Ardour thro' opposing Ills;
 How will they praise; how wonder at the Flame!
 As Love's blest guardian Saints, to you they'll pray,
 And court your Influence, while they own your Passion.
 Your shining Tale shall be their bright Example!
 Your just Applause the Theme of all their Songs!
 Your Graves fresh Garlands shall for ever deck!
 Your Tombs be call'd the sacred Shrines of Love!

O,

32 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

O, worthy Honours to such noble Minds!

O, fair Pursuits of Virtue and of Fame!

Aria. Yes, *Godrick*, yes, thou Friend to Truth and me,
I will be this Enthusiast in Love:

But teach me thou, whose Mind is unperplex'd

With this so softning Fever of the Soul,

What Arts, what Methods must I use to foil

The fond presumptuous Hopes that *Castor* holds:

And oh, (what is a harder Task by far)

To turn the Current of my Father's Hate,

And stream soft Love for *Albert* on his Soul.

Godr. This will exact some deeper Delves of Thought;
But Time and Care shall work these wish'd Effects.

Mean while, to *Castor* wear a clouded Brow;

Severe in Manners, treat him with Contempt:

And to your Father still declare Dislike

From inward Goads to fell Antipathy,

Improv'd by Fame in many foul Reports.

Castor. Cankers consume your Tongue: keep down
my Rage. [*Aside.*

Aria. Henceforth, thy friendly Counsel be my Guide:

I'll act in every thing as you direct,

And Heav'n succeed the Toil.

Godr. O doubt it not:

You shall partake in many Years of Bliss,

The just Reward of virtuous, suff'ring Love:

Now, gentle Maid, farewell: I'll seek my Friend,

And with these Tidings raise his sinking Soul.

Aria. Yes, *Godrick*, tell him that my Heart is his;
Reserv'd no more; resign'd to Love and *Albert*.

S C E N E VI.

Castor Solus.

But Hell shall seize me ere you have him tho'!
And curse me Heav'n, if *Godrick* fails to meet

A just

A just Return for all this Treach'ry to me.
—'Tis Self-defence ; — 'tis but a brave Revenge,
To blast his Peace who'd rob me of my own.
—But whither am I going ? must my Hate
Affect an unoffending Sister's Ease ?
Shall my mischievous Spleen ingender Strife
Where soft connubial Love so strongly reigns ?
This is unjust and cruel — then I die !
O stop not here my Resolution, Thou,
Whose Course no Ties of Nature could withstand :
But down, beat down this last remaining Bar ;
So let me reach the Haven of my Joys,
My *Ariana* ! and my dear Revenge.
Eliza, Albert, Godrick, perish all !
And all the World to make my Bliss secure.
And babble on ye Priests ; amuse Mankind
With idle Tales of Flames and tort'ring Fiends,
And starry Crowns for patient Sufferings here.
Yes, gull the Croud, and gain their earthly Goods
For feign'd Reversions in a heav'nly State.
To me, who judge by Reason, vain's your Talk,
When you would urge our Maker gave us Passions,
Those forceful Biasses to human Souls,
For Opposition only, and Restraint.
As if that Being, whom you picture kind,
Should place us here, bound up by Tyrant Laws,
To act in contradiction to our selves !
Hah ! — what the End of such Creations ? say ;
Unless by Miseries, to make him sport !
O self-destructive Suppositions all ;
Fallacious Arguments. — If there's a God,
And good ; he made us surely to be happy.
And where does Pleasure, where Enjoyment dwell ?
— The wiser Brutes can tell, who prove them most.
Reason's an idle Vaunt ; 'tis Rapture charms !
Our Senses are the Jackalls to our Souls,
To spring the noble Game on which they feed ;
Fruition in Delight is all our Joy,

The only heav'nly Feast!— Why then, I'll on,
 And bear down all that bar my way to bliss.
 Hah!— here *Eliza* comes: O lucky Chance!
 Now Heav'n, or Hell, or any Power, assist
 To drive domestic Mischief to his Heart:
 I'll spoil his meddling, with officious Zeal,
 In what destroys a Brother's darling Hopes.

S C E N E VII.

Castor and Eliza.

Hail, fair *Eliza*, take my kind Salutes:
 With Joy I see you wear a chearful Look,
 And unconfin'd to Scenes of moping Woe.

Eliza. The Rites of Friendship point my anxious Steps
 To mourning *Ariana*: long the Links
 Of gentle Fellowship have bound our Hearts.

Castor. The World indeed is full of friendly Zeal:
 Your Husband too is *Ariana's* Friend;
 And runs before you in the tender part:
 His gentle Offices I saw perform'd,
 And they were wond'rous kind and full of Love!

Eliza. He's such in all he does: so soft of Soul,
 As never female Sweetness went beyond!
 Officious always to oblige; his Care
 Outstrips Desire, and ev'n prevents my Wishes.

Castor. Oh! yes I see his Care for all the Sex:
 And *Ariana* is no Stranger too,
 How far, how very far its Bounds extend!

Eliza. So much Affection do I bear that Maid,
 And so deserving she of Love from all,
 That *Godrick* owns a double Tye to serve.

Castor. A treble say, and add the Number up
 To double that, and twenty times as much!
 You will not wrong his Passion for the Maid.

Eliza. 'Tis true indeed; sure Heav'n design'd his Soul
 A Benefit to half of human kind.

Castor.

Castor. Why aye! for I have heard it said indeed,
Your Sex make up by far the largest half!
And he's a Friend to ev'ry She that breathes.

Eliza. And where's the Man that *Godrick* makes a Foe?
Or where's the Man he e'er refus'd to serve?
Come, come, deprive him not of half his Praise,
For he's a Friend, an equal Friend to all.
O, *Castor*, take it as a Sister's Wish,
The kindest Wish my Heart could e'er conceive,
That you may meet, when you shall chance to wed,
A Heart like *Godrick's*, faithful, and as kind.

Castor. Come, Sister, since you rouse the Brother's
Flame,
I must not let your Kindness rest unpaid:
Observe me well; with Sorrow 'tis I say
You are impos'd upon: Your Husband's base.

Eliza. And dare you urge such Falseness to my Face?
And do I tamely stand and hear his Name,
His sacred Character so vily us'd?

Castor. Alas, *Eliza*, never trust Pretence:
The rankest Villain wears the smoothest Brow!
And foul Hypocrisy's so much the Mode,
There is no knowing Hearts from Words or Looks.
Thieves, Bawds and Panders wear the holy Leer;
Ev'n Ruffians cant, and undermining Knaves
Display a mimic Openness of Soul!
So *Godrick*, when he apes the warmest Love —

Eliza. Away.— I will not hear him thus traduc'd;
What has he done to urge thy coward Heart
To these base Slanders on his taintless Fame;
This Murder on his Love and Peace in me?

Castor. By Heav'n 'tis fond Affection for thy own,
That prompts me to reveal this odious Truth:
This Falseness that my Eyes, my Eyes have seen.

Eliza. Not Heav'n's own Evidence would I believe;
Should Saints and Angels witness to the Tale,
I would not, could not think my *Godrick* false.

36 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

Castor. But what if yours should have the Demon-
stration :

Should you be witness to his guilty Flame !
Behold him fondly pleading to his Fair,
His *Ariana* ; — could you trust your Eyes ?

Eliza. Hah ! no, I could not, could not trust my own.
And *Ariana* false ! — it cannot be :
O, where is Truth and Love in human Hearts,
If they are false to mine.

Castor. Trust not pretence, I say again, *Eliza* ;
Great *Menelaus* had a *Trojan* Friend !
And *Agamemnon* own'd a tender Wife !
I could recount thee many ancient Tales
To warn thee 'gainst too strong Credulity,
But there's no need ; your Senses shall have Proof.

Eliza. In what Perplexity hast thou involv'd
A Heart, 'till now estrang'd to Guilt or Fear :
O, *Castor*, can my *Godrick* prove unjust ?
Can Falshood stain the Soul of *Ariana* ?
It cannot be ; and you are sure deceiv'd. [Weeps.]

Castor. Hah ! does the Metal bend ? then let me drive,
I'll bring it to my Purpose ere I've done. [Aside.]
Will you believe a Brother insincere ?
What ends can I propose from your Distress ?
Behold these Tears a Tribute to those Woes,
Those Woes I know that injur'd Love must bring :
But off this Woman's Weakness : — rouse my Soul
To fierce Resentment for a Sister's Wrongs.
Nor thou, *Eliza*, thus indulge thy Grief ;
Give Rage a full Possession of thy Mind ;
And, as becomes thee, meditate Revenge.

Eliza. O *Castor*, if thou dost abuse my Heart,
'Tis Cruelty unmatched by savage Fury :
For Heav'n alone can tell how strong my Love
For those perfidious Wretches, if they're such :
But they may still be wrong'd : — on that I rest.

Castor. All I have urg'd your Eyes shall soon behold.

Eliza. Why will you strip my Soul of ev'ry Hope,
And

And plunge it down below a Fiend's Despair?

Ah, wherefore did you tell me of their Guilt?

'Tis vain to know of Ills we can't prevent.

What tho' they wrong me; had I nothing heard,

In thought I should have been secure and blest:

The Guilt was theirs, not mine: O, dear Deceit!

When Truth is frightful, sure thy friendly Shade

Is then a real good. O *Godrick*, Oh!

When, when will my dear Peace of Mind return? [*Weeps.*

Castor. O heav'nly Dose! it works as I could wish. [*Aside.*

Eliza. My Soul can't long sustain this Rack of Doubt;

O quickly then confirm my Hopes or Fears:

Where are their Haunts? O lead me to behold

This Gorgon Sight, that I may turn to stone!

There mute and motionless for ever stand,

Their Monument of Guilt, my own of Woe!

For Life already is a Burthen to me.

Castor. Compose your Visage to prevent Distrust;

Then loiter here; about and in the House;

And soon I'll help you to so foul a Sight,

As shall avouch the worst I've said a Truth.

Eliza. Then hear me, Heav'n! be witness to my Vow,

I will have Vengeance equal to their Crimes.

Yes, faithless Husband, and thou, perjur'd Friend,

Who oft hast sworn eternal Truth and Zeal,

If Guilt has stain'd you, both alike shall prove

There is no Fury like an injur'd Love.

Convinc'd of Wrongs, my Rage shall know no Bounds,

But pour like driving Floods from broken Mounds!

With sweepy Ruin to fell Conquest haste;

Lay Lives, Hopes, Honours, all one dreary Waste.

S C E N E VIII.

Castor Solus.

Now triumph, *Godrick*; now abet my Ruin;

And take the just Reward your Treason claims.

D 3

But

38 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

But I must moderate this Gust of Rage ;
 Thy Hand, *Eliza*, does not take his Life ;
 No ; that's a Work the Hangman shall perform.
 Hold : let me see.— I'll hie to *Felix* now,
 And artful on his Mind distil Distrust
 Of *Godrick's* guilty Passion for his Daughter.
 Then, I'll apprise him of her fond inclining
 To favour *Albert*, whom so much he hates,
 And hint a Jealousy betwixt the Friends ;
 That when my Sword has eas'd young *Albert's* Heart,
 The Guilt may rest on busy *Godrick's* Head :
 And I'll take care concurring Circumstances
 Shall link the Accusation fast upon him.
 O glorious Scene of Mischief and Revenge !
 And worthy well the bold Projector's Mind.
 Now, *Ariana*, spite of all your Arts,
 And all your Hatred, you may still be mine :
 You may, you must, you shall ! for Life, without
 Possessing thee, is worse than Death it self.
 No : all my Slaughters must not be in vain :
 I will be happy ; touch my glorious Goal ;
 And hail beyond a vast Expanse of Bliss.
 Thro' Storms and Tempests so the Sailor drives,
 Whilst ev'ry Element in Combat strives :
 Loud roars the Thunder, fierce the light'ning flies !
 Winds wildly rage ! and billows lave the Skies !
 Safe thro' the War her Course the Vessel steers ;
 The Haven gain'd, the Pilot drops his Fears :
 Thence, smiling, he to smoother Scenes looks on,
 And thinks no more of Dangers past and gone.

End of the Third Act.

A C T



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the Garden of Felix.*

C A S T O R *Solus.*

THUS far my Plots succeed to all my Hopes:
Eliza rages, and old *Felix* doubts:
 And both those Engines move as I appoint.
 But soft; *Eliza* comes.

S C E N E II.

Castor and Eliza.

Castor. What nothing yet?
 Poor anxious Lurcher, can'st thou spring no Game?

Eliz. Yonder I see my Husband; and he seems
 To loiter, as in eager Expectation.
 Hah—see he bends this way.

Castor. Behold, for what!
 His gentle *Paramour* there joins him; look!—

Eliz. Hah!—how obsequious!—Furies tear them both.

Castor. Come let us take the Shelter of this Grove;
 Unseen, from thence you may observe them well.

Eliza. Any where, ere Sense is banish'd from me,
 For I shall soon be past the Power of Thought.

S C E N E III.

Godrick and Ariana.

Godr. Come, *Ariana*, come, you must consent;

D 4

Why

Why will you do your self such Violence,
And thus deny a Lover's just Request?

Aria. Yes I could hear him talk, for ever talk;
Lean on his Bosom and believe his Vows;
So well I know his Worth, his Truth, his Love!
But how can I appoint? and whither go?
We may be interrupted, be surpris'd!
My Father may discover all; and I,
Alas, may be undone.

Godr. Leave that to me;
I'll take such care to have the Meeting secret,
That no Suspicion or Surprise shall happen.
Here, in the Garden, in that Beachen Shade,
When Night has blotted o'er yon azure Plains,
And thrown our World in fable, there we'll meet;
A Scene and Season for the Lover's Joys.
No Mid-night Miser o'er his shining Mammon,
Shall more enjoy his stoln Delights than you:
The tender Vows of Love shall bless your Ears!
A Lover's Lips shall deal the warmest Kisses!
A Lover's Arms shall fondly clasp thee round!
And *Ariana* lose her Fears in Bliss.

Aria. Be witness, thou, how much a Virgin risques,
To gratify the Wish of one she loves!
I'll meet you there, attended by my Maid.
But come I charge thee only with thy Friend,
Nor trust my Rashness to another Tongue.
O, *Godrick*, how I tremble! sure my Heart,
My beating Heart forebodes this Meeting fatal.
Still let me contradict —

Godr. 'Tis now too late.
I have your Promise, and you must comply:
These little Fears endear the Lover's Bliss,
As they are causeless all.— Remember Night;
Prepare for softer Scenes; 'till then adieu.

Aria. I do not beg your Stay; for busy Minds
May raise Suspicions from our meeting thus;

We must proceed with caution; so farewell
Thou faithful Friend to Love and *Ariana*

SCENE IV.

Castor and Eliza advancing.

Castor. Well, Sister; what's your fair Opinion now?

Eliza. That Fiends are Angels to such Souls as theirs.
Oh, *Castor*, how have I been wrong'd, abus'd,
By this base Husband, and this faithless Friend!
Oh, smooth Hypocrisy! with Syren Tongues,
How have they lull'd my Soul to soft Repose,
And in that Sleep betray'd me. ——— Serpents, yes;
In silent Coverts you shall fondly twine;
And I'll assist to fix your Links so fast,
As Toads and eating Worms shall scarce unloose,
Come, Furies, come and aid me in Revenge!
Here take a full Possession of my Mind,
And give me Vengeance, such as suits my Wrongs.

Castor. To cool Resentment let this Rage resolve;
Take just Revenge, but then with Safety take it:
Calm Thought will point you out a thousand ways
To drive the Dart, with Aggravations arm'd.

Eliza. What, sue for Justice in litigious Courts?
Or wait the issue of Appeals to *Rome*?
And then, at best, sit down in dull Contempt,
For conscious Sights, and pine in silent Woe!
No; Life and Thought henceforth are only Plagues;
A meer Protraction of my Rage for Wrongs:
I'll do myself by far a nobler Right,
And in their Bosoms drive a brave Revenge.

Castor. Do; kindly end their ignominious Shame,
And spare their Minds the Tortures of Remorse;
Don't let them linger in the Pangs of Guilt,
But suffer thou to hasten on their Rest.
This overheard Appointment plumes my Hopes
Of satiating Revenge and ending Fear:

Yes;

Yes: *Godrick* must be kept away, or he
May hinder my Intent on *Albert*: — aye, —

Eliza's Rage will balk his fond Design; —

He must be school'd for my Security:

And, safe at home, yet he shall heir the Guilt. [Aside.

Sister, as well becomes your high Descent,

With noble Indignation speak your Wrongs:

Let this base Husband see your Virtue swells,

Beyond the Current of mean, earth-born Souls,

Let Anger break with an illustrious Flash!

And Greatness doubly arm your just Contempt.

So shall your *Godrick's* guilty Soul be sunk

To greater depths of Horror and of Shame.

Perhaps a generous Conviction may

Correct his Heart, and drive him into Goodness.

Eliza. Do, cool the boiling Cauldron with thy Breath,

Go, bid the blazing Cataracts give o'er,

Or to the Mountain-Billows say, Subside!

As soon the Storms of Passion will be swag'd

By cautious Councils and the sage Advice,

When Injuries foment their forceful Swell.

Nor Life, nor Safety do I now regard;

Nor Pomp of Dignity, nor Pride of Blood!

What's outward Grandeur, all the Show of State,

To inward Harmony and Love's Delights! —

They only are the lasting Joys of Life,

The rest are vain and empty ev'ry one,

My Cup's embitter'd, all the Strings are crack'd

That tun'd my Soul to Harmony and Peace:

Smooth ran my former Days, like glassy Streams,

Reflecting Love and Friendship's chearful Beams!

Soft Songs of Rapture blest the winding Tide,

And Peace and Plenty wanton'd on its side:

Amidst Security, lo, Storms assail!

And fell Confusion does o'er all prevail!

Wrongs, Rage and Vengeance now foment the Strife,

And urge to Slaughter both the Friend and Wife.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Castor *Solus.*

Right Woman! — resolute in ev'ry Whim,
 And violent in all they undertake. —
 With what a Torrent do their Passions drive!
 A Gust will banish Reason from its Seat,
 And fill the Mind with Anarchy and Uproar!
 But I must follow still and weary out
 By ceaseless Workings, this so boist'rous Rage;
 As Clowns provoke the Wrath of raging Bulls,
 That Fury may exhaust their native Strength,
 And flagging Vigour tame them to the Yoke.

S C E N E VI. *Another part of the Garden with a Fountain.*Ariana *musing.*

Oh, fatal Greatness; Bane to soft Delights:
 Yes, proud Ambition, absolute in Reign,
 No tyrant Passion bears so sad a Sway:
 By thee our Hearts are barter'd, Vows are broke,
 Our Souls are blacken'd, and our Joys are lost.
 Oh, far more happy is the rustic Maid,
 Who feeds in humble Shades her fleecy Flock,
 Than she whose Presence glads a crowded Court!
 No Plea prevails on Plains but that of Worth;
 Love's gentle Dictates there the Fair obeys!
 She looks around, then fixes where she likes,
 And Joys ensue as lasting as they're strong.
 But here, with us, a thousand Calls exact
 A blind Obedience to despotic Sway.
 Birth, Fortune, Favour, guide a Parent's Voice;
 Whose proud Decisions are beyond Appeal
 To us, where prompt Submission is requir'd.

O,

44 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

O, *Albert*! till this Hour of tender Thought,
I never knew how much my Heart was thine:
Forbid to love thee, here, in silent Shades,
I walk, and hug thy Image in my Mind:
Then sadly sigh, and drop a mournful Tear
In dull Reflexion on our hopeless Loves,
But see with hasty Strides my Father comes!
What means my beating Heart; I fear some Ill.

S C E N E VII.

Felix and Ariana.

Felix. Whence comes it, *Ariana*, that you seek
These lonely Haunts, and shun your Friends and me?
Does Grief so hard beset your gentle Soul?
Or do we owe it to a softer Passion?
But that I own's a needless Question quite;
For *Castor* tells me you're averse to Love.

Aria. No wonder, Sir, if Love, whose Blights I've felt,
Is slow to shoot its Blossoms forth anew:
And *Castor* is, I fear, a barren Soil
For any Hopes of mine to thrive upon.

Felix. I would believe Report has wrong'd you much,
Which says my hated Foe, young *Albert*, shares
No little Portion of your kind Esteem:
And tell me, *Ariana*, is it false?

Aria. The proudest Virgin need not blush to own
That *Albert*'s Virtues bear a high Demand
On Honour, Truth, and Tendernefs of Soul.

Felix. Hah! — say'st thou, foolish Girl? — O, hold
my Rage: —

By Heav'n the Tales I've heard are sadly true;
This Traitor to his Country has thy Heart.

Aria. What Guilt has he abetted? Who betray'd? —
No Village-Maid can boast a whiter Soul,
Unstain'd by Vice, unfully'd by a Crime: —
Your *Castor*'s, Sir, is foul with many Spots.

Felix.

Felix. Who pawn'd their Honour for a Tyrant's Smiles?
 And sold their Country to a foreign Yoke?
 Who, but thy *Albert's* Race, and such as they?
 O, *Britain!* long renown'd for stubborn Worth!
 Whose hardy Sons have Ages held their Fame
 For Freedom, Valour, and untainted Truth!
 Must now our Voice, asserting Glory's Cause,
 Be deem'd a Treason to this *Norman* Thief?
 This base Invader of our Laws and Rights.
 And shall their Blood, who fought a foreign Chain
 And sold their Freedom for a Robber's Favour,
 Be mixt with mine, and taint a nobler Stream?
 No, *Ariana*: Tho' my only Child;
 I throw thee out for ever from my Heart,
 And swear our Line extinguishes with me,
 If you but found their Names without Contempt.

Aria. Whatever Faults debas'd his Father's Soul,
 The Son inherits nothing, Sir, of them.
 The *British* and the *Saxon* Names divide
 His fond Affections and enjoy him all.
 He loves no *Norman*, takes no Courtier's Pay;
 But wears a Sword which no Pretence can draw,
 To Honour and to Freedom sacred held.
 Sure Virtue, such as shines in all he does,
 Has well aton'd a failing Parent's Guilt.

Felix. Can all his Virtues now restore our Rights?
 Those Rights his Father help'd to trample down?
 To Lands o'erflow'd the Banks are after vain,
 They can't expell the Streams they should have stopt.
 Oh, what's Repentance when the Folly stings,
 Whose rank Commission Counsel would have hinder'd!
 Griefs then are insolent; and only Fools
 Will feel Compassion for a headstrong Wretch
 Whom mere Perverseness has involv'd in Woe:
 But Knaves in dull Contrition claim Contempt.

Aria. When *Albert's* Father suffer'd from Remorse,
 He plain'd unpity'd; and with Justice bore
 The Scoffs and Scorn of true heroic Souls.

But

But why should they who lent no Voice or Hand,
Contract a Guilt because their Friends were base?
The foulest Streams will purge their Filth away,
And *Albert's* Blood ———

Felix. Still stain the odious Hands
Of Executioners, 'till all is sluic'd
To drench that Land their Ancestor betray'd.

Aria. Can nothing move you then to gentle Thoughts
Of Worth that suffers from your settled Hate?
Long has he pin'd with hopeless Flames of Love,
And pity now should melt your rigid Heart.

Felix. What! am I for Injustice too arraign'd!
For brave Resentment of my Country's Wrongs?
Perverse one, cease this insolent Attempt
To taint the Splendor of thy Father's Fame,
Or I shall think that Title not thy due.
Go, study Virtue, rugged, ancient Worth!
Rouse up that Flame our great Forefathers felt,
Who won those Honours you unworthy heir:
Nor trust such soft Refinements of the Schools
As strip our noblest Passions of their Force,
The Lust of Greatness and the Love of Fame!
Hah! — well I recollect another Crime,
Which has been strongly represented to me
As hov'ring o'er thee, if thou art not tainted:
You're much in *Godrick's* Favour; he in yours!
Take heed, my Daughter, there is guilty Love: —
Eliza too is *Ariana's* Friend.

Aria. And surely happy in a Husband's Heart.
What busy Fiend is this disturbs your Peace
With idle Tales! malicious as they're false.
No; if on Earth pure Honour still exists,
'Tis deeply rooted in the Breast of *Godrick*;
Whose Love and Friendship are alike sincere:
I boast the Honour of the latter Flame,
Bestow'd, and nourish'd with a gen'rous Zeal:
Yes, *Godrick* is a Friend to Truth and Me.

Felix. I hardly can believe thy Guilt has soar'd

To such a height as to be base with him :
 But seek no Friendships foreign to thy kind ;
 They may be dang'rous in a different Sex.
 Remember this Advice a Father gives,
 Improve in innocent Reserve and Duty ;
 They're Virtues that become a Female Mind.
 But none of *Albert*, let me hear no more
 Of that vile Tribe, those Renegades to Honour,
 As you regard my Peace, or dread my Curse.

S C E N E VIII.

Ariana Solo.

Ye righteous Pow'rs! Supporters of the Just,
 In all the Perils, all the Ills of Life ;
 O kindly interpose, and succour now,
 A wretched Maid, devoted to your Laws :
 Aid me to bear Misfortune and Disgrace,
 Want, Wretchedness, and ev'ry frightful Woe
 An angry Father can involve a Child in.
 Yes, I will suffer Life's whole Journey through,
 To gain at last an honourable Grave :
 But no fond Duty, Tye, or Passion, e'er
 Shall sway me to be base, unjust or cruel :
 No ; bound by Honour, Gratitude and Love ;
 While *Albert* lives I ne'er will be another's.

S C E N E IX. *A thick Grove.*

Eliza Solo.

Yes, preach up Tameness, *Castor*, to my Wrongs ;
 And laugh, insulting *Godrick*, at my Woes ;
 I will have Justice ; and this Hand shall seize
 That Vagrant to my Love, a Husband's Heart.
 This is the Place their Satyr-Souls appoint
 To act such Rites as shudder virtuous Thought,

And

48 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

And claim the Vengeance both of Earth and Heav'n.
 The gath'ring Clouds begin to shade the Sky;
 Which twinkling Stars with glim'ring Rays bedeck:
 But come not thou, chaste Goddess, from thy Bed,
 To view the foul Pollutions of this Night:
 Such Fumes may rise as will for ever dim
 The radiant Lustre of your Virgin Beams!
 But let all Hell await the Off'rings here;
 The Priests, the Altars will be worthy them!
 Let Darkness shadow; Darkness, that should hide
 Such Crimes as shame the Day; would blot the Sun,
 And strike a gazing World with Detestation!
 Hark! — sure I heard a Noise! — I'll search about,
 And, 'like a Vulture, hail my Prey with Death.

S C E N E X. *The Stage darken'd.*

Godrick and Albert.

Godr. It is already dark, and this the Place:
 'Twill not be long ere *Ariana* comes.

Albert. O whisper in her Ear some friendly Power,
 That *Albert* waits the promis'd Boon of Love:
 Some Star direct her to my longing Arms,
 Then hide thy Head to make our Joys secure.
 O, *Godrick*! how I long to fold my Arms
 Around that Object of my tend'rest Wish;
 Draw in her balmy Breath with eager Kisses,
 And melt away in Ecstasy and Transport!
 Thou Friend to all my Hopes; whose kind Concern
 Is ever watchful for thy *Albert's* Peace,
 What vast Arrears of Kindness do I owe
 Thy gen'rous Love, unwearied for my Weal!
 To thee I am beholden for this Bliss;
 A Debt to burthen more that vast Account
 Of all the Pleasures, Comforts of my Life.

Godr. O pay not Duty with such lavish Praise;
 Could Manhood labour less at Honour's Call?

No,

No, *Albert*, all I've done your Virtue claim'd ;
 It was a Debt in Friendship justly due.
 Hark ! — I hear soft treading ! — it must be she,
 The Mistress of thy Vows, thy *Ariana*.

S C E N E XI.

Godrick, Albert, Ariana *and* Matilda.

Albert. Oh, where? give way, and let my eager
 Arms

Press that dear Maid, and bind her to my Heart.

O, *Ariana* ! is it giv'n me then

To clasp thee thus, thus fondly to my Bosom !

This tender Minute pays an Age of Care ;

Expells all Fears, all Torments from my Mind,

While feeble Hope gives way to fiercest Joy !

Let me devour thy Beauties, feed to Death : —

Oh, we will never, never part again.

Aria. O, *Albert* ! all my Hopes, my Soul is thine ;

You take up ev'ry Portion of my Heart ;

And here, to Death, I swear thee lasting Truth :

But more I cannot ; evil Stars prevail,

And doom our Passions to a Virgin Grave.

My Father vows to tear me from his Heart,

And bar me all the Honours of his Name,

If I pursue my tender Hopes in thee.

Now what remains for me, unhappy Maid ;

But to devote my future Days to Woe,

To heavy Anguish, and to black Despair.

Albert. No, *Ariana*, Love shall light his Torch,

And we'll be blest as faithful Lovers should.

Your Father's Curses shall, like idle Winds,

Fly far away from all our soft Delights :

Uninjur'd ; Malice is too foul a Crime

To ruin Worth, or baffle virtuous Hopes.

Aria. Hah ! — Would you have me brave a Parent's
 Rage?

E

And

50 *The* P A R R I C I D E: Or,

And bend to Earth a hoary Head with Grief!
 No; tho' his Pride, his Cruelty, his Rage,
 Deprive my Soul of ev'ry earthly Joy,
 But conscious Virtue and unshaken Truth:
 What Wants I feel, and whatsoe'er I suffer,
 Oh, bless him, Heav'n, with length of happy Days;
 Be Sickness, Sorrow, Shame, unknown to him;
 Thou, Time, that conquer'st all things, there be kind,
 And lead him easy, thro' a soft Decay;
 Gently, oh! gently lay him down in Death;
 And let me wait, to share his parting Pray'r!
 To catch a Blessing from his fleeting Soul.

Albert. O, force of filial Love! Look down, ye Pow'rs,
 And wonder at the perfect Work you've wrought!
 Preserve such Virtue for the gen'ral Good,
 That wav'ring Man may gaze with Rapture here,
 And from Example fortify his Soul:
 Oh, make her happy, as such Worth deserves,
 And justify your Rule by gracious Ends.

Aria. Ah! we're betray'd! — heard you that Sound
 of Feet?

'Tis Death to stay! — *Matilda, Godrick,* haste,
 Examine all the Avenues around
 To trace a latent Foe; — a Foe to us,
 Which Curiosity or Mischief makes;
 I dare not here remain; come, *Albert,* thou,
 And take the Shelter of the neighb'ring Grot,
 Observ'd, there is no Safety here for thee:
 There bring us word when Apprehension dies.

S C E N E XII.

Godrick and Matilda.

Godr. *Matilda,* you remain attentive here
 While I examine all the neighb'ring Walks;
 And at the sign of Danger give th' Alarm.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Matilda and Castor entering apart.

Matilda. Oh, how I shudder with my rising Fears :
If we're discover'd all will be undone.

Castor. I've reach'd the Covert ; now to spring the
Game ;

And here's the Weapon to secure the Prize : ———
Hah ! — Whence this Trembling that unstrings my Nerves,
And drives a thrilling Horror to my Soul ! ———
I never felt such strong Attacks before ;
Its Bodings sure are fatal : ——— Hah ! ——— and yet !
But I will conquer thee, thou Coward Fear ; ———
Off, off this Clog to Manhood and Revenge.
Hah ! Conscience ! — keep with Thought at distance thou ;
Contrition never should precede a Guilt. ———
Come, *Ariana*, come ; possess my Mind,
And drive out all opposing Thoughts to thee. [*Aside.*

SCENE XIV.

*Matilda list'ning. Castor and Eliza apart, on different
sides of the Stage.*

Eliza. Now, to allay this Husband's raging Flame,
Oh, guide me Vengeance to his treach'rous Heart. [*Aside.*

Matilda. Methought I heard the tread of human Feet !
Hah ! — by the glimm'ring Light the Moon affords,
My Eyes deceive me, or I see a Man ! ———

Let me approach : — *Godrick*, my Lord, is't you ?

Eliza. Yes, and I greet him thus — [*Stabs him.*

Castor. Confusion seize thee, whoso'er thou art.

Eliza. That Love you've injur'd, Monster, gives the
Blow !

And with it this Revenge. [*Stabs herself.*] Alive forsook,
In Death at least I'll have thee mine, and sure.

Matilda. Help! Murder! Mischief! Help! [*Runs out.*
Castor. *Eliza!* Hah! —

I'm murder'd by thy Hand! thy Brother's slain.

Eliza. *Castor!* — Oh, thou erring Hand of Vengeance;
 I've done a Deed will doubly sink my Soul
 In depths of horrid Guilt! — I'm lost indeed.

S C E N E XV.

*Castor and Eliza wounded, Godrick and Albert enter on
 different sides of the Stage.*

Godr. What is this Cry of Murder? Who are here?

Albert. *Godrick!* art thou in Safety? — Treason's nigh!
 What ho, there! Lights. — Good Heav'n defend us all.

Castor. I'm fall'n into the Snare myself had laid!
 Oh, Mischief, Mischief of my own dull Brains.
 Where can I go to fly from Shame and Fate? —
 My Blood runs fast! — But she has mist my Heart!
 Oh, to the Dagger guide my Hand some Fiend! —
 But Hell has now forsook me. — All my Guilt
 Comes flashing on me, and with Flames so strong
 As Nature can't sustain. — Forgetful Brain!
 I want the Means of Death, and wear a Sword. —

[*As Castor is going to kill himself, Servants enter
 with Lights.*

Albert. O stop this Rage of Slaughter: — *Castor!* —
 Hah! —

Godr. What do I see! *Eliza* bleeding here! —

Albert. Support this wounded Man; and on your Lives,
 Take care he does no farther Violence. [*To the Servants.*

Eliza. Why who art thou? — Perfidious Monster, off!
 Go leave me to the Fate your Crimes have dealt me;
 And live to Plagues, to Horror, and Remorse. —
 Have I no Friend to lead me from this Place?
 And bless me with some Dungeon's safe Retreat,
 Secure from farther Guilt, and guilty Men!

Castor.

Castor. Yes, I can tear my Wound and drag out Life.
[*Struggling.*]

Albert. Convey him hence, and bear the Lady in:
There farther Inquests must be made, and Truth,
If possible, work'd out by cooler Heads than ours.
Away with him. ——— [Eliza is led off.]

Castor. Hah! Whither? To my Fate?
To public Infamy? ——— a shameful End!
And after, — here Imagination, stop! —
Oh, Death, compose this Terror in my Mind. —

S C E N E XVI.

Albert and Godrick, a Servant with a Light.

Albert. Oh, *Godrick!* summon Reason to thy Aid,
And all thy wonted Fortitude of Mind:
Bear thy Misfortunes bravely, as becomes
A *British* Spirit, and a Christian Faith.

Godr. Oh, *Albert,* do I live? And have I Sense?
Am I distracted, or a Wretch indeed? ———
I look like one from Slumber rous'd by Cries,
Who half consum'd his burning Dwelling spies!
Aghast he stands! confounded at the Flame!
Not knowing how it rose, or whence it came:
Art, Love, are vain his Sorrows to assuage,
While like the Ruins all his Passions rage.





A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A Room in the Palace of Felix, a Table with Lights.*

FELIX *Solus.*

ELIZA, *Castor*, wounded in the Garden! —
My Daughter there with *Albert* and the Husband! —
This wears a Face of Treason; — Damn'd, damn'd Guilt!
And I will search it to the bottom. — Ho! —
Who waits there? — Go send my Daughter to me.

[*A Servant appears at the Door, and retires.*]

O fell Suspicion, rack not thus my Mind;
If I am wretched in an only Child,
Too soon Conviction will destroy my Peace;
And make me curse the Hour that gave me Birth;
Or that which crown'd my Hopes in *Ariana's*.
But see, she comes; and with a Face of Sorrow
That speaks, as one would think, a guiltless Soul;
But Looks are all deceitful; and the Eyes
Oft ill express the Motions of the Heart.

S C E N E II.

Felix and Ariana.

Felix. O *Ariana*! do I live to see
My Peace thus murder'd, and my Hopes destroy'd
By her I nourish'd as my darling Joy?
On thee my Age with Fondness has reclin'd:
This hoary Head, these feeble Hands, with care

Had

Had rear'd thee up to prop their failing Years :
 Thou wert the Hoard of Comforts I had heap'd
 In Days of Vigour to refresh Decay :
 To lead me chearful thro' the Vale of Tears ;
 To soften Pain, and smoothe the Bed of Death.
 And do my aged Eyes, at last, behold thee
 Thus fallen off from ev'ry Sense of Duty
 Thy gray-hair'd Father, or thy God exacts !
 Oh, why am I thus curst, to see my Child,
 My only Child a Reprobate to Grace !
 To strip my parting Soul of all its Peace,
 And send me down with Sorrow to the Grave.

Aria. What means my Father ? Whence this Flood of
 Anguish ?

And wherefore am I thus accus'd of Guilt ?
 What have I done ? Wherein have I offended ?

Felix. Hah ! canst thou ask ? When Streams of Blood
 yet run,

And Cries of Murder echo thro' my House !
 When Wives are butcher'd, and when Brothers fall,
 And rank Adulteries are loud proclaim'd !
 Whence is this Scene of horrid Mischief ? say ;
 Whence, but from Crimes thou wert forewarn'd to shun ?

Aria. Here Saints and Angels witness to the Truth,
 Who see the secret Workings of the Soul ;
 Who know our hidden Thoughts, and ev'ry Wish,
 Bear witness all, if still my Virgin Heart
 From ev'ry foul Pollution's not as free
 As when at first it glow'd with vital Heat.

Felix. Hast thou not broke the Link of filial Duty
 By Disobedience to my just Commands ?
 And can I now rely on ought thou say'st ? —
 Tho' Oaths and Imprecations join their force,
 Thy Words appear no more than idle Tales.
 A Father's Hatred and Injunctions fail'd
 To awe thy Soul from Rebel *Albert's* Love :
 As well might Conscience and the Grace of Heav'n
 Be trampled down in Goatish *Godrick's* Cause ;

O Horror of Conviction to my Soul. ———

Aria. Behold, unchang'd, my Visage bears the Shock
Of Accusations, with so foul a Stain,
As Infamy can hardly go beyond!
Does this express my Guilt or Innocence?
Where is the fault'ring Tongue? the crimson Glow,
And livid Paleness in alternate Rule?
Where is the downcast Eye? unsteady Look?
And all Appearances of conscious Shame?

Felix. All those are Motions young Practitioners
With Consciences unsear'd, perhaps may feel:
But harden'd Sinners wear a Front of Brass;
And are beyond Confusion, or Surprise:
This serves but to convince a weeping Father,
Thou hast outsoar'd his strongest Fears in Guilt.

Aria. O thou chaste Matron! from whose spotless
Womb

I sprang to Life in an unhappy Day;
If Souls in Glory can behold the Woes,
Or feel the Joys of those they lov'd on Earth,
With fond, maternal Care assist me now
To purge that Fame which, so unjustly stain'd,
May, by Reflexion, cast a Shade on thine!
Oh! make my Name ———

Felix. Forbear, I cannot hear
So foul a Voice invoke so pure a Soul.
Oh, happy thou, dear Saint, who, now at ease,
Hast escap'd those Darts of Anguish, that distract
My aged Heart; and urge these wither'd Hands
To tear the Honours of a hoary Head
I wish, with bitter Tears, was laid in Dust:
Then I should nothing know of all this Guilt,
And all this foul Dishonour to my Name;
Thy Crimes would fail to harrow up my Grave; —
My Ashes would have Peace. ———

Aria. Oh, killing Sounds:
Yet, ere my Sorrows quench this vital Flame,
Oh, give me Heav'n to prove my Innocence;

Racks,

Racks, Torments let me bear ; but not the Taint
Of Infamy, for Crimes my Soul abhors.

Felix. Tho', as a Miser eyes his plunder'd Hoard,
From my Enjoyment I had seen thee borne
The guiltless Victim of an early Grave ;
There to be lost with yet-remember'd Chiefs,
With Maids and Matrons, long the Themes of Praise!
Illustrious Names! whose Virtue you've betray'd,
Whose Glory fully'd, and whose Fame defil'd: —
Oh! had my aged Eyes beheld thee dead :
The tender Tears which down my Cheeks had roll'd,
Would have been Balm to Pangs I now endure!
The Satisfaction then, at least, I'd prov'd,
To see thee sink in honourable Dust,
And end, with Dignity, a noble Line
That had, for Ages, flourish'd with Renown.
The last strong Buttress yielding, so, the Pile,
The venerable Pile o'erspreads the Earth,
Magnificent in Ruins! Grateful, then,
Our noblest Matrons would have deck'd thy Grave!
Our noblest Virgins, chaunted Hymns of Praise! —
I had but liv'd to pay a Parent's Debt
Of decent Grief, and sunk myself to Rest,
To everlasting, honourable Rest.
But what is now my hard, my dreadful Doom!
Thy Guilt deals all these agonizing Throes!
And, torn with Torment, hurls me down to Death.
And there, if Mem'ry of past Wrongs subsists,
'Twill ev'n imbitter all the Joys of Heav'n!
Oh, fatal Fall from Innocence and Duty :
Oh, Fiend! but born to damn a Father's Peace. †

Aria. Support me, Heav'n! support my sinking Soul.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

To them a Servant.

Serv. Oh, force of Conscience on the guilty Mind!
That wounded *Castor*, Sir, within, grown wild,
In bitter Ravings, has confest such Crimes
As fill his Hearers Souls with dread Amaze.

Felix. Hah! *Castor* raving! ——— and his Guilt the
Cause? ———

Serv. As wild as Winter Winds his Passions rage!
And Horror dwells on ev'ry thing he says.
His Father's, Mother's, Brother's, Sister's Deaths
He has confest the Mischiefs of his Hand.

Felix. Monstrous Villain! most accomplish'd Fiend!
Oh, how Reflexion now distracts my Soul!
'Twas he that fill'd my Mind with foul Suspicions: ———
Forgive, my Child, those Starts of Savage Passion,
Whose Guilt provokes my Tears. ———

Aria. Oh, spare them, Sir! ———
Or turn their Streams to murder'd Innocence,
Eliza, Edmund, Harroana, all
The bleeding Victims of a Monster's Rage.

Felix. Stop, stop, my Thought, from guilty Progress
now:

Nor dare accuse eternal Providence,
For suff'ring such a Villain to commit,
With dire Success, these most unheard-of Crimes!
But, lo, at length the tardy Vengeance comes,
And Justice arms the Fury 'gainst himself.
But shew me, lead me to the horrid Sight.
Where Scorpion Conscience holds her dreary Rule
Triumphant o'er her Tyrant Master now!
This is a Time the Wicked all will find,
Who sleep in Guilt, and think they sin secure.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Ariana Solo.

Aria. What can I do? and whither shall I go?
 Oh, poor *Eliza*! Oh, my wounded Heart,
 How wilt thou pay the Duties of a Friend.
 Oh, Pardon, wretched Woman, that thus long
 My own Distress with-held my Tears for thee:
 Who now could weep whole Oceans at thy Fate.
 But I must go, tho' Heav'n alone can tell
 How little fit, to pay the friendly Rites.

S C E N E V.

Eliza is discover'd sitting in a Chair, bloody and disorder'd.
Women attending. Godrick and Albert standing by.

Eliza. Alas, my Virgins, all your Care's in vain;
 Have not the Artists each pronounc'd me lost?
 And fainting Nature warns me of my End:
 Ev'n Rage, the Tyrant Passion, now gives way;
 And Pity, and Forgiveness steal upon me.
Godrick, come near, and take my Pardon thou,
 Ev'n for thy last, and sure thy worst Offence.
 Nay, hold my Tears! — But, lo, they will have way! —
 And Female Softness urges my Complaint.
 How, *Godrick,* could you wrong so kind a Heart?
 And doubly wound me in a guilty Friend? —
 With her; with *Ariana* to be base!
 And even recent from my just Complaints! —
 Thou saw'st with what Distress my Soul was wrung! —
 But virtuous Woe is Sport to guilty Souls.

Godr. Hah! I remember well your fond Complaint!
 As causeless then, as you accuse me now:
 Alas, my Life, your *Ariana's* just:
 Her Virtue fair as is her Angel Form!

Nor

60 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

Nor has my Heart e'er wander'd ev'n in Thought,
But, chaste just, been faithful to thy Love.

Ah, — have thy Fears for me destroy'd thy Life? —

Eliza. Oh, *Godrick*, hold; nor brave eternal Wrath;
A Time will come, to give severe Account
For all the Guilt and Folly of our Lives:
Upon the Verge of Life, as now I stand,
I fear for Crimes ev'n of the slightest Dye:
You, once will think as I do; when the Soul
Begins to shake away this cumb'rous Dust,
And makes Eternity her dreadful View! —
Then double not thy Guilt by vain Excuse;
You have my Pardon; — now, no more can wrong me;
And Heav'n be kind as I. —

Godr. My dying Love,
Oh, leave me not perplex'd, and mad with Doubt; —
Oh, do not go, and think I could be false:
By that eternal Throne which soon you'll see!
By all the Saints our Advocates around it!
By all my Hopes of everlasting Bliss!
I never broke my Marriage Bond of Truth.

Eliza. Oh! do not, do not torture thus my Soul;
Already on the wing from Earth and thee.
Repent, repent my Husband, and be safe.
And here, to stop thy course to farther Guilt,
And flash Conviction on thy Heart at once,
Know that my Eyes, my Ears have prov'd thee false.
I saw your Gloatings, heard your am'rous Parle,
Th' Appointment, and your punctual Meeting to't;
Witness this Slaughter, where I meant thy own.

Castor, the first Revealer of your Crimes,
Receiv'd a bad Return for Love to me. [Weeps,

Godr. Amazement racks me, *Albert*, witness here,
Thou Cause, tho' innocent of this Mishap,
If all my Court to wretched *Ariana*
Was not for thee, and at thy fond Request?
The Meeting thine? — Oh, miserable me!
Thy Brother's Suit to that afflicted Maid

Was

Was all the Cause that kept this Bus'ness from thee :
And he, foul Fiend, has dasht us all on Fate.

Eliza. Hah, have I causeless been that jealous Fury !

Albert. Am I the Spring of all these poignant Woes ?
Oh murder'd Innocence, can Life atone
For my destructive Passion, which betray'd
Thy gentle Heart to Misery, to Death.

Eliza. Cease, *Albert*, to lament a Wretch, whose
Crimes

Have justly drawn this Vengeance from above.
Oh, *Godrick*, trace the Hand of Mercy here !
How has my Dagger paid the Debt of Guilt !
How sav'd from Violence thy spotless Life !
And me from Nature's blackest, foulest Crime !
Wretch that I am !— Oh, fall upon your Knees,
And pray Forgiveness to your wicked Wife.
And see another injur'd Creature comes,
To claim Remorse and Horror from my Heart.

S C E N E VI.

To them Ariana.

Aria. My dearest Friend.

Eliza. Ah, *Ariana*, come,
Pronounce my Pardon while I've Life to take it.
How have I wrong'd thy Truth in guilty Thought !
But Heav'n will pay thee in a better Love.

Aria. My Soul dissolves for thy unhappy Fate.

Matilda has inform'd me of the Tale
Thy wicked Brother's Ravings have reveal'd !

Eliza. Hah !——

Aria. Where Murders, Parricides so foul appear !
Thy Slaughter seems almost the least, as last :
But must by me with bitter Tears be mourn'd,
In that, his most unhappy Instrument. [Weeps.

Eliza. Behold, *Eliza*, how thy Fall is wept !

.Was

62 *The PARRICIDE: Or,*

Was ever Woman curst before like me,
To wrong so kind a Husband! just a Friend!—
Oh, *Ariana*, warn our weaker Sex
Against the Venom of a jealous Heart:
Let Wives beware of foul Suspicion's Taint;
It is a coward Serpent, which, immur'd,
Preys on its Breeder in a deathless Pain:
Then, teach the Fair, in Friendship's sacred Bands
To follow thee, and be securely blest.

S C E N E *the Last.*

Godrick, Albert, Eliza, Ariana and Felix.

Felix. Heav'n shield us from the Arts of wicked Men,
And guard all Consciences from gauling Guilt:
Expiring yonder, has that Parricide
Discover'd Crimes would ev'n startle Fiends!
And show'd such dreadful, agonizing Pangs,
As sure would fright the hardest Soul from Sin.
Dying, he bellow'd out his dread Remorse,
And wreath'd with seeming Anguish of the Soul
'Till Breath had quite forsook him.

Eliza. Then he's gone!
Poor, guilty Wretch, he's gone to his Account;
And I am warn'd to mine.

Godr. Oh, let me print this kiss upon thy Lips,
And send my Soul associate hence with yours.

Eliza. Forbear this Tenderness my better self,
And let me hope Forgiveness of my Wrongs
To you, to *Ariana*, and to all.—

Aria. Thus fondly folded in my eager Arms,
Receive a thousand Blessings to thy Soul,
My dearest, dying Friend.

Eliza. A long adieu!
Now *Godrick*, now for thee! I'm going now.

Godr. Eternal Blessings wait thee!— Oh, my Love.

[*Weeps.*
[*Kisses her.*
[*Falls in her Arms.*
Eliza.

Eliz. Now I am blest indeed! to hold thee thus!
I hope no greater Joy.

[Dies.]

Godr. Dead! breathless! dead!
But here, thus bending o'er thy lifeless Clay,
I'll mourn away my miserable Being.

Albert. And wilt thou go, devoted to the Grave?
Has gentle Friendship no inviting Joys?
Yes, thou shalt live to share in many Days
Of social Comforts, and of pleasing Cares.

Godr. Forbear, my Friend, do thou remain at rest,
And crown'd with lovely *Ariana* live.
Oh, venerable *Felix*, hear me plead
This fond, this last Request I e'er shall urge:
Make *Albert* happy in your Daughter's love.
An honest, equal Friend to both asserts,
No Virtues ever made a fairer Claim
To Greatness, Honour and the World's Esteem,
Than those that have engag'd this Virgins Heart:
No longer then delay their Bliss and thine,
But all be happy as a Friend can hope.
While, near this Place, upon the Sea-beat Shore,
Within a solemn Mansion, sacred made
To holy Raptures, and to Rules austere,
I'll spend my Days among religious Men,
And think no more of Pleasure and the World.

Felix. I will forbear to struggle on with Fate,
Heav'n has decreed their Loves, and I submit:
With this Embrace then, *Albert*, take thy Wish,
No longer now my Enemy but Son:
Oh, be you blest in one another's Arms,
Reflecting Peace and Comfort to my Age.
And thou, sad Exile from the World and Sin,
Enjoy in Bliss thy Days of Life to come.
Oh, when my hoary Head is laid in Earth,
And sunk again to its Primæval State,
As very shortly now, I trust 'twill be;
Preserve, my Children, ever in your Minds,
This sad Example of our frail Dependence!

That

64 *The* PARRICIDE: &c.

That no bright Virtue can insure a Bliss,
 No *Godrick* challenge here a lasting Joy.
 Then point your Views beyond, to Realms of Light,
 Where Love's eternal Spring can feel no Blight:
 Where no base *Castor* can his Arts employ:
 Where round in Circles runs immortal Joy!
 There fix your Eyes, make there Possession sure;
 Whence Hope alone all mortal Grievs can cure.

F I N I S.



